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Cartoons Magazine

H. H. Windsor
Editor

T. C. O'Donnell
Managing Editor

Volume 15

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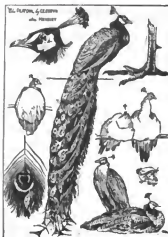
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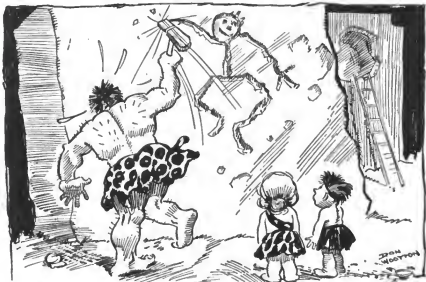
School News



WANT TO LEARN TO DRAW

OHIO

1919



THE fellow who believes he can not learn to draw by the Landon Picture Chart Method is just as out of date as this prehistoric gaw, says Student Don Wootton, who recently joined the art staff of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WOOTTON'S LETTER

January 24, 1919.

Dear Mr. Landon:—

Well, here I am in the cartoon game and like it fine. The fact that I so readily secured my present position offers real proof of the value of your training. It's wonderful how you have worked out your course of lessons in such a simple way and yet so thoroughly. You give a fellow every chance in the world to learn how to do original work.

I guess you know I tried another school of cartooning with pitiful results before starting your course. The other was the first I heard of and claimed to teach original drawing. About all I did however was copy work. Your plan of teaching is so much more complete that there is simply no comparison. You really teach how to do original work and that's what counts. Believe me, I don't hesitate to recommend your school whenever I have the opportunity.

Art Department,
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

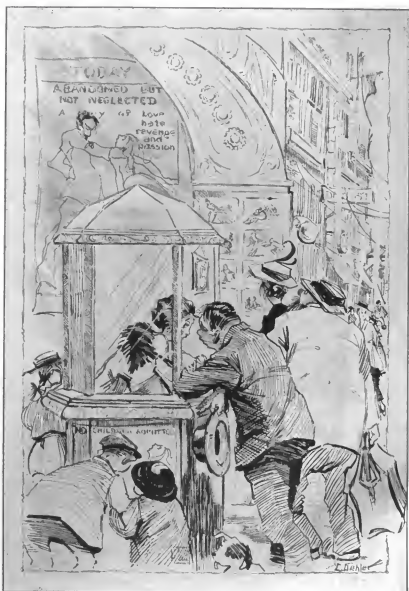
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DON WOOTTON.



Don Wootton

The Landon School 1495 Schofield Bldg.,
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"So I said, quite obviously, 'Oh, that's all right' "
(See page 440)

CARTOONS MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT 6 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE, CHICAGO

Volume 15

April, 1919

Number 4

The Wicket Vampire

By Robert Lee

Drawings by Constance Oehler

Being, as one might say, a sort of metropolitan inquisitor, scanning the by-ways and window ledges of the city, I am, not infrequently, wont to pause and ponder deeply upon the following:

"Why do I perceive in the girl behind each box office wicket a fond affinity?"

Nor am I alone in this amiable, or, I might say, amative speculation. My male friends have spoken to me of a similar emotion. Indeed, it was because my friends spoke of it that I began to cast my eyes into the wicket of each motion picture entrance, and lo! I beheld there a mate whom my soul had long been seeking.

There comes into my mind at this juncture the subject of Hindoo philosophy and I select from it such phases of speculation

as seem to fit my mood. I am inclined to the adoption of transcendentalism, abolishing from my mind all prosaic thoughts and leaving it pure and spotless for the absorption only of that which is to be found in the

immaculate. This enables me to prove that if you do not accept my theory of the wicket vampire it is because you are still mired in the practicalism of ordinary events and incapable of transcending to the upper spheres of emotional conjecture.

I could not pass a motion picture theater without experiencing a thrill. Something bade me look into the glass wicket and take a mental impression of the glorious vision of loveliness there be-
held—the blue eyes, the roguish lips, the daintily flushed cheeks and the glorious coil imprisoned there. This was not only in one ticket window but in all of them. I have



"They all want to elope with me"



"No man ever makes love to a kitchen apron and a pan of pancake batter"

never been able to find one that did not contain the eyes, the lips, the cheeks and the hair which I so inadequately and awkwardly describe.

And now I have just come from one of them. You will not believe me when I say that I have been in conversation with one. You shall judge if I continue my inquisition.

It was a dull moment at the wicket. She had dropped a coin that belonged to me. She said:

"Excuse me."

So I said, quite obviously, "O, that's all right."

She colored. That was obvious, too. Well, I grew bold. My voice sounded hollow and far away by the very boldness of it. And I said:

"If I had to lose money, I had rather lose it by you than anyone I know."

Heigh, ho. We are such scamps. She cast down her eyes and tried to stifle a smile.

"You're joking," said she.

"Yes," said I, "joking, but isn't it pleasant to be joking with someone who has a sense of humor?"

"I must have a sense of humor—in here," she said, with a sigh, I thought. A woman sighs just once and I'm lost.

"I suppose you listen to a great many people," said I.

"Thousands—millions!" she said.

"And they all want me to elope; the men, I mean."

A jealousy came upon me at this. I said: "Well, I can't blame them."

Again her eyes went down and she smiled.

"Men come to a motion picture all full of emotion," said she. "It ought to be called an emotion theater. They're not fond of me any more than they are of the heroine in the film. They simply want to be emotional so they begin on me because I'm just a sort of a preliminary film."

"I can't believe it," I said.

"It's true. They look through the wicket with big, sheep's eyes and they can't remember how many tickets they want.

Some of them don't want to appear stingy so they buy a half a dozen tickets when they only need

one.

"Do they often come back?" I asked.

"O, dear yes. Some of them come twice a day to see the same picture. They try to pick out the dull parts of the day so they can stop and josh a while."

This last remark made me a trifle conscious, but I passed it off lightly. "Me, for example," I suggested.

Again that smile. The eye lashes were alluring. The lips were prettily parted.

"No," she said, "you're different. I've seen you before."

"Have you?" I said, eagerly. "Where? And how?"

"You pass here quite often," she said. "You always look up and I can't help seeing you."

"Yes," I said, "I do look up. And I can't help seeing you. But I don't care for the pictures on the film. It's the reality of you in the wicket that I like the best."

"That's because I'm only a picture," she insisted. "I'm in a frame. If you saw me in my old apron getting breakfast the illusion would be gone."

I confess I was compelled to stop and give this just the briefest thought. But it came to nothing. She was an affinity and I could not conceive her as anything but an affinity.

"I think you must tell that to all the others," said I, "and it ruins their ideals."

You see, I was invoking the Hindoo transcendentalism, lifting myself out of the rut of the commonplace and viewing my affinity with a perspective that only the philosopher can enjoy. The kitchen apron is material. It instantly destroys the illusions of the prosaic mortal. But not my illusions for I can lift life out of the commonplace and set it high up among the idylls and there pay it the respect it deserves.

"Well," said she, "no man ever makes love to a kitchen apron and a pan of pancake batter. Those things are the rude awakening. He likes to think he is courting a princess. The human race would die out in a generation if girls received in their curl papers and house gowns."

"The world is material," I said. "I believe that I, for one, have learned to think of beauty as everlasting, no matter what frame it is set in."

"Well," she said, "I

told you I thought you were different."

And so now I sighed. Yes, I was different. She couldn't chase me away from the wicket with her description of kitchen aprons. She could not make me think she was not a princess. Prosaic materialists might flee at the thought of this nymph in curl papers but I was sure that she never wore such things. After all, the ideals are the best worth preserving. What is an affinity, what is an emotion if it cannot stand the association of a little of the prose?

"Yes," I said, "you are right. I am different. That is what I have been trying to impress upon you."

"I am glad you are different," she said.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because now I can tell you what I do not tell the others."

"What is it you do not tell the others? I do not understand," I said.

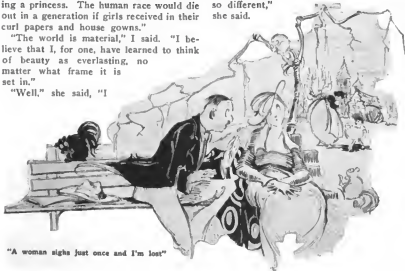
"Well," said the wicket vampire, "you accused me of driving the others away by telling them how ordinary I am in my kitchen apron."

"Ah, yes, I did."

"But I don't tell them that."

I bade my heart be still. I felt that I was to hear something, indeed. "Then," I said, "you do care—"

"You have been so different," she said.



"A woman sighs just once and I'm lost"

I—must admit that I sighed.
 "Yes," she went on, "You have been so different from the other men—"
 The suspense was becoming too great.
 "Then you—you do care?"
 I paused, breathless, awaiting her reply.

"You have been so different from the other men that I must tell you that I have five children, and that my husband is the manager of this theatre.

"Next, please?"

"How many?"

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by E. H. Mosner

Picture of the conscientious objector who suddenly remembers his "before the war" attitude. Taken after he had just disposed of eleven Fritzies.



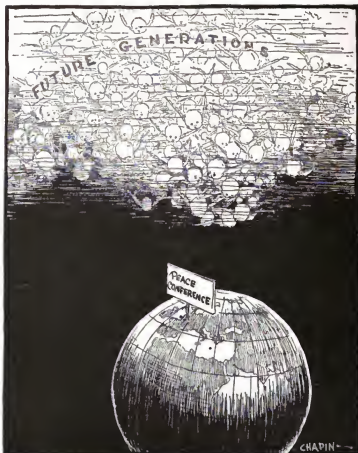
But they will all get aboard if it starts to sprinkle
 Hanny in R. Joseph News-Press

The New Covenanters By Thomas Brooke

It was probably the Scotch in him that led President Wilson to think of the league of nations in terms of a "covenant." A lot of us have been calling the constitution of the proposed body a—well, a constitution, only to find that it is not a constitution at all, but a "covenant." No one, however, will quarrel with the name, provided the organizers refrain from making the word a symbol for an idea of rule that was

comprehended in Scotch covenantism. That idea had back of it an intense idealism, a fanatic devotion to an idea, a total obliviousness to practical facts, and was essentially despotic as what we might call a "theorocracy" always is.

If the peace delegates do not shape the league to suit the idea that everybody associates with "covenant," we say, there will be small real opposition. Last month this

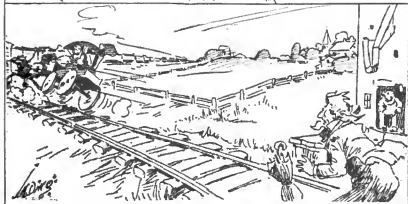
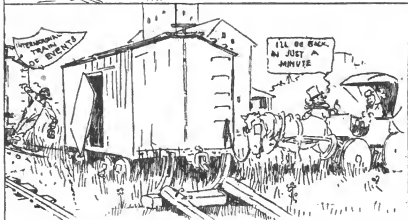
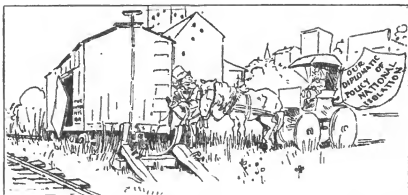


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Watchful waiting

magazine stood out for the adoption of the Bourgeois idea, which would have given the league of nations a big stick in the form of an adequate police force with which to enforce its decrees. Fear of the loss of sovereignty by their respective countries made most of the delegates oppose a league army and navy, with the result that they adopted the covenant idea advanced by President Wilson, in which boycott and public sentiment will be depended upon as a deterrent to hasty action on the part of a recalcitrant member of the league.

The proposed league under this plan will depend for its strength entirely on the keeping alive of a powerful morale, of a militant enthusiasm for peace. Whole squares in that other place are paved with the good intentions of people who organize societies and things with éclat, and who set them going with good prospects of success—only to have the blessed things die on them, merely because the membership was supposed to give up their jobs and devote themselves to pumping enthusiasm into the new venture.



Darling in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Something tells us that we will never see our little Arabella again



Amperford in Pittsburgh Sun

The dime novel

There exists, at the present time, a body, highly organized and efficient, and bent very insistently upon seeing that the peace that comes shall be perpetual, upon bringing about a full economic and political recovery from the blight of war, upon punishing those who were guilty of breaking the world's peace, and upon making the people who indulged themselves in a glorious dream of world conquest pay for their hour of happiness. I refer to the allied powers with America. Any peace settlement that does not secure these objects, any peace settlement that does not provide for punishment and reparation and restoration, will be rejected in spirit by the people of the allied

nations—and with popular enthusiasm withdrawn from the venture collapse is inevitable.

To the extent, then, that the league is a sort of projection, an extension, a continuation, of the present allied organization, to the extent that it takes advantage of the determination of the peoples of western Europe and America that they will permit no idle idealization, no chasing of butterflies to encourage the German people in the fancy that the world will forget, and that it is not too late even, now, to impose its culture upon an easy-going world—just to that extent will the league be successful. The weakness of the league will lie in the



The final enterprise

Setbel in Knickerbocker Press

dilution of allied sentiment by an over-expression of Teutonic will. The strength of the league will consist in a red-blooded attitude toward a red-blooded and practical world, in which leniency toward the wrong-headed and wilful is about as successful as compelling the normal children of a family to give way to a half-wit brother through a misplaced tenderness.

I lay emphasis on this point because America has been the conspicuous leader in forming the league, and will be the leading spirit in its administration—and further because a soft attitude toward

Prussianism, toward any violator of right and justice, in fact, will first rise in America. Our attitude toward the international offender will be as high and no higher than our attitude toward our police court offenders—which is notably one of pity and soft-heartedness.

Given a red-blooded, practical administration of the league, there is no reason why it should not succeed. The provision for international boycotts against an offending nation means very little, since Germany very nearly succeeded in its purpose in spite of embargoes and an air-tight



From the Nebelgallier, Zurich

THE MODERN MOSES

But will his commandments become law?

blockade that amounted virtually to a boycott of the kind called for in the league covenant. But a measure of disarmament, as proposed by Article VIII of the covenant, will be an effective anti-war measure; as also that point in the same article that has to do with the manufacture of munitions by private corporations.

"The high contracting parties agree that the manufacture by private enterprise of munitions and implements of war lends itself to grave objections," says the article, "and direct the executive council to advise how the evil effects attendant upon such manufacture can be prevented, due regard being had to the necessities of those coun-

tries which are not able to manufacture for themselves the munitions and implements of war necessary for their safety.

"The high contracting parties undertake in no way to conceal from each other the condition of such of their industries as are capable of being adapted to war-like purposes or the scale of their armaments, and agree that there shall be full and frank interchange of information as to their military and naval programs."

This will be at least a deterrent even if it is not a preventive of hasty action on the part of any nation.

A further measure of importance should be the bureau of labor, which is proposed



Deciding on what to do with the bear

revised in Columbus Dispatch

as a part of the working machinery of the league. The annulment of old treaties, and the publication, through a treaty bureau, of all new treaties, should keep the diplomatic game completely above board and lessen the war danger from this quarter.

We cannot see point in the claims of the president's opponents, that the league is departing too radically from American tradition. Senator Borah voiced this opposition when he said in the senate the other week:

"We are now proposing what to my mind is the most radical departure from our policies that has ever been proposed since our government was established," Senator Borah said. "I think those who are advocates of the league will agree with me that it is a radical departure. It may be wise, as they contend; nevertheless it in-

volves a different course of conduct upon the part of the government and of our people for the future."

We have advanced a long way from the time when "our government was established." We are no longer an isolated people, either geographically or economically. Our being dragged into the great war was proof that we are no longer independent of Europe; it was proof that whatever endangers the peace of Europe endangers also the peace of America; that any measure that will tend to promote the peace of Europe is thereby a guarantee of peace in America.

The position that the revolutionary fathers were able to legislate for all time is the worst kind of reactionaryism. It precludes all progressive legislation; it would make impossible an assertion of the voice of majorities, except as those ma-

jorities remained fixed and in accord with the restricted outlook of the eighteenth century. Our forefathers did not, in their great wisdom, so much as foresee the present war, let alone build up barriers against the day when it should come. Instead, in an orgy of sentiment, they let down the bars, unrestrictedly, to immigra-

politicians use them as bogeys to frighten their ignorant followers. Economic interdependence, commercial interests and intellectual, spiritual sympathy, and a healthy insistence upon its rights—these things constitute for a nation an alliance that is just as real, though unsigned, as a formal treaty. With or without formal entangle-



From Notmbrakst, Amsterdam

Pence: I thought I was due, but there is still fire in the embers!

tion from Europe, with the result that America resolved itself into a melting pot that did not melt, every immigrant from Europe meaning a strand in the great thread that bound us, for all time, to the interests of Europe.

One can call signature to the treaty an "entangling alliance" if one chooses. Names for things are not important except as

ments in the way of alliances, our interests are tied up with Europe's for all time, and better to have an entangling alliance aimed to prevent war than an entangling alliance that will drag us into every fracas that stirs Europe.

Nothing in the "covenant" invalidates or threatens to invalidate the Monroe doctrine. Indeed, the entire scheme for man-

datorial control of weak peoples by members of the league is a recognition of the principle of the Monroe doctrine, and a broad application of that principle to world conditions. The chances are that not only will the hemisphere be under the guardianship of America in the sense of the Monroe doctrine, but American interests in other hemispheres will be safeguarded by us under the mandatorial system. Indeed, the chances are that America will have her hands very mandatorially full.

Parenthetically we would like to point out that many of our politicians who are loudest in their concern for the Monroe

doctrine have been, in the past, the most ingenious in fabricating plausible palliation for disregard of the Monroe doctrine. To defend our activities in the Pacific on the ground of expediency, and to champion the Monroe doctrine so vociferously now do not seem compatible with a passion for consistency. The facts of the matter being that our relation to the Pacific can be easily enough defended on the ground of hard practical necessity, and national interest, and that any change that may come in the force of the Monroe doctrine can and should be defended on the same ground.



Orr in Chicago Tribune

Teacher's pet

This Token of Our Esteem

By Harry Irving Shumway

Drawings by Dorothy Phelps



You hate him. Everybody in the office does. He looks like Hindenburg, he acts like Hindenburg. And b'gosh, he is a Hindenburg! Yet he is the Boss, and one day it occurs to somebody, with an omelette in that part of his head which deserves a better tenant, to present this ogre of the swivel chair with a present.

The idea does not resemble wild fire or hot cakes in its going. It is not one of those suggestions which makes everybody rally round and kick themselves because they didn't think of it before.

In fact it is frowned upon by all. But the party with the omelette is persuasive. He says that the Boss is a good scout with a bluff exterior, but he must have a heart somewhere. So why not try to spring something so they can all see it beat.

The thing hangs fire in a lukewarm condition until the noon when they all meet at the Nonpareil Bowling Alley and Billiard Rooms to talk it over. The question

immediately comes up regarding what to give him. Somebody suggests a bottle of poison, but he is frowned down.

"How about an umbrella—you know, a nifty one with a gold head," says Hawkes, who commutes and therefore has an umbrella and rubber-shoe mind.

"Aw, he wouldn't use it," interposes the head shipper. "Don't he ride in a limousine back and forth?"

"I have it!" It is the ass with the omelette who speaks. "A swivel chair for his office. The one he has is shabby. It doesn't go with his desk, either."

Other suggestions are offered but it is finally decided that the swivel chair has the call. A committee is appointed to collect funds, another to purchase the gift, another to determine on the manner of presentation, and still another on arrangements. Too many cooks may get out of luck with the broth, but cooks do not in any way resemble committees. The more committees the more fun there is.

These committees work all the time and during the next few days there are many sly whisperings.

The whole force seems to be working on some underground system and it is no wonder that the Boss has visions of a union being formed right under his nose.

This doesn't make him any more affable and his growls are louder, his snaps are snappier, and his grunts are worse.

If the committee on purchase had not already signed up for the chair—well, there wouldn't be anything to present, that's all.

However, Friday arrives (presents are always given to the Boss on a Friday), and everybody has his nerves with him. Work goes on intermittently, jerkily, haphazardly. The Boss looks about as pleasant as the

kaiser did when they handed him his hat.

The head shipper has secreted the chair in his domain of twine and excelsior. The committee on maintenance has polished it up until it looks as slippery as any mahogany ever looked.

The committee on arrangements has decided upon four o'clock as the auspicious hour. The minutes go slowly on, like the night before the fourth.

Four o'clock!

Wilkins, the cashier, and the oldest in the service of the Boss, heads the mob into the presence. They step right on to the green carpet, where so many men have been dissected and put together again—on parole.

Wilkins is to make the speech. That is, the committee on presentation has elected him to do so. Wilkins himself has other ideas about the matter. He might do so, but he finds he has mislaid his tongue somewhere.

The Boss turns around with that same verve which a Bengal tiger affects. His eyes try to bore into the brain of Wilkins to discover in advance what is coming. As Wilkins' brain has ceased to function, it is hopeless; there is nothing there to bore into. The Boss shoots quick glances here and there, but it is fruitless. So he decides to sit tight.

Wilkins is being systematically and violently jabbed in the back, and under this treatment his vocal apparatus gets going, although missing badly.

"Mister Boss, we,—ah—er—the employees of the firm—er—feeling that ah—er—"

The Boss knows it is a union now and his mouth shuts like a trap. But good old Wilkins stumbles on.

"We wish to—that is—on behalf of the employees, I desire to—er—present to you—as a token of our esteem—this—this token of our esteem."

Wilkins is all in. The head shipper trundles in the bit of mahogany that has caused all the trouble.

The Boss in the back of his head has been sorry for Wilkins, but now he is

sorry for himself. He cannot growl, he must not grunt, nor can he snap. He must act like a human being.

However the thing has gotten under his skin. Mahogany swivel chairs always do. His heart is beating and everybody sees it. The silence is oppressive. Funny how tight neckties are getting lately.

"Boys," the Boss starts off—"boys, I'm much obliged to you all. I'm not a speech-maker, like Wilkins here" (applause and laughter), "but I want to thank you for—this—this token of your esteem. I shall always remember it."

Then he has to try the chair. It is a perfect fit.

That is, the Boss says it's a perfect fit.

For that is another funny thing about the chairs that you give to folks. They always fit.

The Boss squeezed himself into that chair with what ease he could without actually using a shoe horn—and I suppose he got out of it again, though just how he managed it no one

seems to know.

That is where you have the advantage in Christmas things.

You don't have to tell the chap who gives you a Christmas tie how perfectly it fits your complexion, and when a fellow loads a box of cigars on you, whether you want cigars or not, you can get back at him by making him smoke them when he drops in for a game of rum.

But when the boys horn their way into your office and give you a chair, as the fellows did the Boss, you have got to sit in it, if it is a chair,



"Wilkins, the cashier, leads the mob into his presence"

or you have got to try it on, if it is a lid, and say it is a perfect fit.

The idea started way back there when Adam brought home from down town the first fig-leaf outfit and Mrs. Adam, radiant, emerged from her boudoir and remarked to

her Adam, "It's a perfect fit, my dear."

But old as it is the stall still works, and Wilkins takes it as a personal compliment when the old rat says, "It is a perfect fit, boys; it might have been built for me," and he actually smiles.

□ □ □



Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"An' then what'd you do Bill, when he hollered 'kamerad'?"



A very live corpse

Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

Germany Launches Poison Gas Attack

By Wilfred A. Holland

The murder of Kurt Eisner, Bavarian premier, must have removed any doubt of the existence in Germany of a powerful propaganda movement. Eisner was one of the few Germans who had the courage to tell the people the truth about who started the war. He had found in the archives at Munich documents which definitely placed the guilt upon the kaiser and the junkers around him. His fidelity to the truth cost him the seat to which he was naturally entitled in the constituent assembly at Weimar, but he attended the international gathering of socialists at Berne, and there reiterated his assertion that it was the war-mad rulers of

imperial Germany that threw the world into the throes of hell. (And may we add, by way of parenthesis, that the German socialists at Berne took so detached an attitude toward the matter of Berlin's guilt as to turn cold at the Eisner charges?)

The assassination of Eisner was not the work merely of reactionists; it was not just an incident in a plot to overthrow the present Governments in Germany and to restore the former rulers. The abortiveness of so local a blow would have been apparent even to a German junker; the only result of a blow of that kind could only be to bind the people and the new governments closer



Evans in Baltimore American

Hun repentance



Kirby in New York World

"Look out, or I won't consider myself defeated"

together, and perhaps be the step that would fasten upon the fatherland, once and for all, the new régime.

No, back of the Eisner affair was more than a breaking out of the spirit of reaction—it had as its motive a silencing of the most anti-kaiser voice in Germany.

This is not necessarily to accuse the Ebert government with carrying on deliberate pro-German propaganda. Incidents like the Eisner case have undoubtedly no connection with the present government, but their very isolation only confirms the suspicion that if the German nation were united in the prosecution of the war, the entire people are now as one man in their

efforts to avert the consequences of defeat in that same war.

Propagandism just now takes the form of the familiar wail against penalties in the form of reparation and restitution. Even President Ebert has been guilty of making threats of the stern measures that Germany would be driven to resort to if the allies forced humiliating terms upon her, if her colonies were taken from her, and if financial indemnities were imposed that would impoverish and enslave the nation. Ebert's foreign secretary, Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, has expressed himself in even more belligerent fashion:

"Unfortunately," says von Brockdorff-



Memo in Philadelphia Public Ledger

Still kicking



Beware! under the red cap may hide a pan-German militarist

Rantzau, "Germany's voluntary disarmament has not softened our enemies, who recently attempted to settle, on the basis of disarmament, questions undoubtedly appertaining to the peace conference. I have repulsed and will continue to repulse these attempts looking to the dissolution of all our old military forces and the substitution of new republican troops for our old peace army, which could be used in the east."

Nothing, in the light of this effort to place the allies in the position of persecutors and to appeal to world sympathy by playing the

part of an abused people, has been left undone by German propaganda. After laying waste one of the garden spots of Europe, and after agreeing to armistice terms that provided for keeping German prisoners in allied hands, Germany through its foreign secretary has this to say about allied oppression:

"If we rebuild what has been destroyed by us in territories we occupied we will do so by our free labor. We protest against the slavery now being imposed on German prisoners of war."

And the Count then dares to talk about economic equality for a nation that robbed the Belgian people of intricate and valuable machinery that was essential to its livelihood, and carried off from northern France millions of dollars' worth of similar machinery; a nation that set about the war, indeed, with the deliberate and avowed purpose of destroying the economic independence of France!

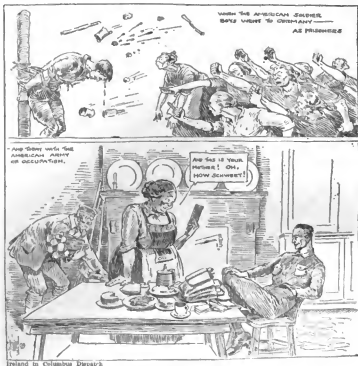
"Our adversaries owe their victory in large measure to a war, not military, but economic," says the Count. "It follows, therefore, that the final peace must not only be a political peace, but to a large measure an economic peace. We hope, therefore, that the decision of the Paris economic conference will be abandoned. Any differential treatment, of Germany in commerce and transport would not be acceptable to us."

Then there is Philip Scheidemann, chancellor of the present German government, who issued this bit of bravado at a recent session of the Weimar convention:

"The entente is able to force any kind of peace on Germany, but if it is an unjust peace, seventy million people in their hearts will never forgive or forget."

Having the effect of propaganda also is the movement organized in Germany to save the ex-kaiser from paying the penalty of his crimes. If this body of people can show up the allies as blood-thirsty and vengeful in their attitude toward the kaiser, it will, as a matter of course, bring about a corresponding attitude of sympathy for Germany.

All this fits in perfectly with the naïve faith of the German in whatever his superiors tell him. As a matter of fact, there is very little that the German leaders cannot



Irland in Columbus Dispatch

Hospitality is improving

get away with. We have this incident, for example, to illustrate the sort of credulity that German propaganda is made to fit, as told by a doughboy, recently returned from overseas, who entered Metz just after the armistice was signed:

"The German officers themselves were unable to understand how peace had been declared, believing Germany the victor.

"I told them that the report was absolutely untrue, and they laughed at me. To prove what they said they produced German magazines and newspapers with long accounts of what purported to be German victories in the United States.

"Some of these articles were illustrated with pictures. One showed entrenchments in New York city. Another referred to Chicago which, the article said, had been destroyed by German airmen. Still another purported to show a fleet of Germans in New York harbor."

That, we repeat, is the sort of mentality that German propaganda is cut to; it does seem incredible that it is believed, but it is. That German propagandists should think the rest of the world as easy, as gullible, as the folks at home is not complimentary to us, and we do not believe they can get away with it.

□ □ □



THE COLORS

They fought in a blaze of glory—the American negro troops. And they came back loaded with medals and honors. Where is the chap who said, when they began going over, that they wouldn't fight, but might do for guard duty and work like that?

Cassell in New York World

Is That the Way You Say It?

By Hinton Gilmore

Drawings by Robert Lemen

Some of these days I'm going to catch a thesaurus in my bare hands and tame it. It would have been better, perhaps, to have made the capture during the winter months, when the thesaurus is in a lethargic stupor and must be warmed up by the kitchen stove before it shows any signs of life. But regardless of the added danger, I have determined to catch one with at least five rattles and a button and make a pet of it.

If I should fail to ensnare a thesaurus, I'm going to con the lexicon, and I serve notice now that I won't be satisfied with any second-hand lexicon with some of the words missing, such as they slipped over on the bright youth in the poem.

The truth is, I'm tired of being a fugitive from pronunciation, and I now propose to give myself up and turn state's evidence. For twenty years or more, I've been slinking around with my hat pulled low over my eyes, afraid to look half the words in the face. Words that the average school-boy can pronounce glibly often give me a nervous sweat when I happen to come across them unexpectedly. For years I've been dodging and ducking and changing the conversational subject when I saw a strange word coming and thus have come to be known as a man of abrupt manners.

Those of my friends who read these words will now realize for the first time why my train of thought so often had to go on a siding to let pass a fast express.

From this time forward, I say, I'm going to be honest with myself and with the English language. I may still falter, and perhaps step aside to avoid open trouble with some riotous French word, but as far as the English ones are concerned, I'm not going to dread them any longer.

No matter what the punishment may be, I'd rather endure it than to go on as I have been going in the past. And right here, I

think I ought to sound a voice of warning to those who are just beginning to misplace an occasional accent. Don't, my fellow fugitives, dally on the primrose path of uncertain pronunciations. For a time you may seem to escape the consequences, but later on the long hand of the encyclopedia will reach out and get you, no matter where you go, or what your alias. It is much better to admit that you don't know how to pronounce a word and then go to your minister or call up a newspaper and find out about it.

I know how easy it is to take a word like "ennui" and speak of it as "en-new-eye, or whatever you call it," smiling knowingly the while—but you can't keep going that way forever. Some day, when you least expect it, a word like "sacrilegious" or "gunwale" will come along and you will be trapped before you know it.

Take a simple collection of letters like "parabola." That word has been dogging me since the year after I left college. I think I know what it means, but I can't pronounce it. It may be paraBOLA or PARAbola or paRABola, but when I see it coming I have to step hastily into an open quotation or a split infinitive and wait until it disappears around the corner.

There's no subject in which I am more interested than the absorbing topic of throwing the boomerang, but being in doubt about parabola, I can't go near the subject, because the first thing they teach a young boomerang is how to do a parabola. I've had friends sit around in the same room with me and discuss boomerangs by the hour, while I have to sit mutely by, pretending to be thinking of something else.

When I get the new dictionary, I'm going to have it out with parabola once for all. No doubt there will be trouble at first, but I propose to conquer its spirit and



"En-new-eye, or whatever you call it"

break its resistance, so that I can ride it past a steam roller, so that it will come up to me and whinny and eat sugar out of my hand.

"Acclimated" is going to receive my early attention, too, because it has always been my self-appointed goatherd. To stand off and look at "acclimated" you would think it a harmless little word that even a child could play with. But you can never tell about words. They can often be guilty of the vilest treachery. And besides, they never forget an injury. To mispronounce a sensitive word is as dangerous as to give a chew of tobacco to an elephant—some day that word is sure to wreak an awful revenge. You can be associated with a tricky word constantly, using it in your daily conversation and come to regard it as dependable, and then one day, all of a sudden, you will find that you have been duped and deluded.

It was that way with "acclimated." I had been using the word with perfect freedom, never suspecting that it was leading a double life, until I heard it addressed by an entirely different name. The shock was terrific. I thought of the familiar associations extending over a long period of years, little suspecting that I was being misled by a deceptive accent. Disturbed as I could not fail to be by such a disquieting exposure, I nevertheless retained my poise and passed the incident off in a light and chaffy man-

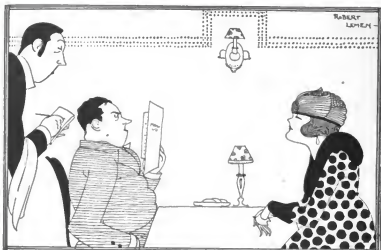
ner. But I managed after that to be seen less and less in company with "acclimated," and now do not even bow to it.

My lamentable experience has left its scars, however. I cannot go south in the winter or north in the summer, because I can never tell what minute I may run right into "acclimated." I'm thankful, nevertheless, that I do not suffer from hay fever, which would make it necessary for me to move around over the country during the golden-rod season—an advantage not to be sneezed at, if I may say so.

Then, too, I'm constantly running into words that I seem to have met somewhere before. Their faces are familiar, but I cannot, for the life of me, recall their names or their lines of business. Such a hit-or-miss acquaintance with words is not only embarrassing, but it is constantly interfering with my pursuit of knowledge and happiness. If I go out somewhere for dinner and they start in with "bouillon," bang goes the evening, so far as I'm concerned. I dote on soup, but I can't pronounce "bouillon." I couldn't ask for bouillon if I were starving to death.

Again, dread of coming in contact with "acoustics" has kept me away from many a Bryan rally. No matter how excellent a speaker may be, I never feel at ease in a hall that is fitted up with "acoustics."

Also I might have been a great botanist,



"I dote on soup, but I can't pronounce 'bouillon' "

raising fresh herbariums for the city market, if there were any certainty as to the proper accent of "arbutus." The disputed pronunciation of "gooseberry" closes another profitable field, just as my ignorance of "sinecure" has kept me out of many good positions.

It is not my intention to cavil at the man who wrote the dictionary, because I am in no sense a cavalier, but I believe somebody ought to voice a protest against his action in adding a chapter on disputed pronunciations. In our complex national life, already replete with causes for misunderstanding—such as umpires and socialism and sport shirts—why has it been necessary to introduce a long string of doubtful words to stir up trouble?

"Gooseberry" well illustrates the pernicious folly of encouraging this disputatious tendency. Why should I engage in heated words and perhaps come to blows with my neighbor, over the way to pronounce gooseberry. It is nothing to me whether it is "gooceberry" or "guzeberry," because I greatly prefer currants, about which there can be no dispute. I believe, however, the author would have been justified in changing the name to duckberry, thus eliminating the possibility of hard feelings between friends.

I reiterate that it is not my intention to

criticize the dictionary. Aside from being a good book for the baby when the high chair is broken, it is not without its general interest, and I know I'm going to enjoy my evenings with Mr. Webster.

For one thing I know I shall find the pictures of absorbing interest. The editor of the dictionary was evidently a great lover of nature, for the book is fairly overflowing with animals and birds and snakes. I'd much rather stay home and look through the dictionary than to visit the zoo, because Mr. Webster's animals are odorless and require no peanuts.

As an example, consider his yak. The illustration, though small, is so clear and lifelike that it is easy to imagine there is such an animal. But the descriptive matter seems misleading, for it is described thus: "Yak, an Asiatic bovine ruminant between the bison and the true oxen." The artist was evidently in a hurry to pass on to drawing the zebu, because the bison and the true oxen are left out of the picture and the yak stands there alone.

It has always seemed to me that the volume could have been enlivened with a little poetry here and there, and the yak affords a fine opportunity for a prosodical punch. I never intend to write a dictionary, but if I do I shall have a good snappy drawing of a yak, with the sky-line of Yakima, Washing-

ton, in the distance and a lilty description like this:

THE YAK

The Yak seems very like the gnu
When studied at a glance,
But then the gnu could never do
A yak-a-hula dance.

There is also another incomplete picture which purports to portray the various forms of mechanical nuts. The reader is disap-

and forearms, however, I would take him to be a low, heavy-set man, not over forty-five years of age.

I realize, as I am about to resume my study of the dictionary, that my former perusals were very cursory. Beginning with "aardvark" and finding the plot unsatisfactory, I simply scanned the pages, looking at the pictures, then turning over to the last page to see how the story came out.

That is disappointing, because it is evident that the final pages of the book proved very tiring to Mr. Webster. When he got



"I won't be satisfied with any second-hand lexicon with some of the words missing, such as they slipped over on the youth in the poem"

pointed in this picture because he fails to find the countenance of the man who invented the automatic piano.

I can sit for hours looking at the illustration of the deaf and dumb alphabet. It is so true to life that you can almost hear the rattle of the man's celluloid cuffs as he goes through the various motions from "a" to "z."

It would have been more interesting if the man's face could have been shown, but he was probably one of the men in the office who posed for the alphabet and didn't want to get his face in the photograph, lest some of his creditors should learn of his new address and forward a monthly statement or send in a collector. Judging from his hands

down to "zythum" he seemed to lose interest in his task and was anxious to get the copy off to the printer. His final definition shows that he was in a hurry to get out to the country club for a round of golf, for he simply jotted down: "Zythum, a kind of ancient malt beverage," and then grabbed his hat and coat.

Unquestionably, Mr. Webster knew all about zythum—about how it was made, what it tasted like, and how much could be taken with safety, and it is particularly regrettable that he didn't go into a more complete description. If more were known on the subject, it might be possible to open up a zythum parlor and do a first rate business beginning about the first of July.

There must have been a reason for rushing the book into print without giving a better description of zythum. The reason was that the author wanted to get the book out of his hands before somebody scared up a new word. He worried for days and days. "Doggone it," he said to himself, "I've got a sneaking feeling that I've left out a word somewhere."

Then he would look hurriedly through the little memorandum book that the insurance company sent him and scan the backs of all the envelopes in his inside pocket and give his cuffs the once-over, to make sure that he had them all in.

He worried so much over this that he couldn't give proper attention to the title for the book. He was still trying to remember if he had put in chalybeate and ticdoloreaux when the telephone rang. It was the printer.

"Whatcha going to call this book?" snipped the printer.

"Just call it a dictionary!" grunted the author.

"What kind of a dictionary, bridged or unabridged?" shrilled the printer.

"Which looks the best in type?" grouched the author.

"Unabridged makes the biggest showing!" piped the printer.

"All right, make it unabridged!"

But "Unabridged Dictionary" isn't a good title. It ought to have more zip to it—something that would catch the popular fancy when shown in the bookstores. It is probably too late to do anything about it now, but if there are to be future editions, let's give the name a catchy title, like this: "Weighty Words for Willing Workers," or "What a Young Proof-reader Ought to Know."



Kettner in Lincoln Star

High spots

The Russian High Horse

"The inclined means stopped."

Russian gov-

ernment, who is talking—in an interview with Robert Minor, an American cartoonist, a frequent contributor to the socialist press in this country, a man with pronounced radical views and who surely cannot be accused of carrying to Russia with him an anti-bolshevist bias.

The Russian government would be inclined, as a matter of fact, to agree to almost any compromise that did not bear that name, and that did not weaken the hold of the people's "commissaires" on the country. A year ago such a concession would have been unthinkable, because Lenin and Trotsky, in those days, were busy exalting the virtues of soviet rule and indulging in other camouflage with an eye to building up what in this country we call a "machine"—too busy to let drop a hint that bolshevists were not inexorable and their demands final.

Today the Lenin government is as absolute in its control of Russia as was ever the government of the czars, and while he does not openly flaunt his opposition to the soviets, yet Lenin has, in fact, quite forsaken the soviet theory of government, and has built up a highly centralized government under the control of himself and his colleagues, who retain their title as commissaires of the people. As Robert Minor puts the whole situation in a nutshell, "There is no more industrial unionism in Lenin's highly centralized institutions than in the United States post-office. What he calls industrial unionism is nothing but nationalized industry in the highest degree of centralization.

"This recent change has roused the bitter antagonism of the anarchist-syndicalists, the strongest opponents, Lenin now has. Industrial unionism is a mere phrase in the bolshevik dogma."

The entire process has been one of undermining the power of the soviets under a show of adherence to soviet ideals, and the building up of a machine that might well excite the envy of the American politician. We quote from a later analy-

Russian government would be to pay its debts if by that the war against it could be

It is Lenin, head of the

ernment, who is talking—in an

interview with Robert Minor, an American cartoonist,

a frequent contributor to the socialist press in this country,

a man with pronounced radical views and who

surely cannot be accused of carrying to Russia with

him an anti-bolshevist bias.



Patrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I am as bad off as a comrade as I was as a subject"



From Peeping Show, London

WANTED—A PERSEUS

(Perseus, the great Greek hero, rescued Andromeda from the clutches of the marine monster)



Not what she expected

sis of the situation by Robert Minor as published in the New York World:

"The bolshevik leaders are not responsible for the existence of the soviets. They did not invent them, or even control them for several months after becoming the supposed rulers. The bolsheviki found the soviets growing out of the earth, the creation of thousands of untheoretical minds, trying to manage affairs without a government. The original supporters of the soviets may aptly be called anarchists and communists. The great task was to catch this anarchical force and tame and lead it.

"Lenine and his associates began to use the wiles of the politicians to capture this giant of anarchy, and to bend or break it into some sort of government. This feat was possible only by talking like the giant.

"Knowing that the soldiers were about to dismiss their officers, the Lenine following declared disobedience to officers as a sacred principle. As since shown, they do not believe in anything of the kind. The bolsheviki are believers in a highly centralized state.

"They do not want peasants to have the land or workmen groups to hold the fac-



Drane in Baltimore American

The bolshevist!

stories. By saying that such was their wish they won the confidence of simpler men and became rulers.

"For months after Trotsky began speaking in the name of the new order he had no real control, but was feeling out the wishes of the ungoverned masses and expressing their wish. Trotsky was really impotent when he seemed to be at the height of his power.

"Thus we had in Russia a big, throbbing puppet show. The world saw it, half cursing, half worshipping it. Nobody saw the giant, because the giant was dumb and the puppets were professional talkers. Peasants took the land and workmen took the factories when the bolsheviki were unable to prevent their doing so. The bolsheviki issued thunderous decrees, claiming they were doing it with their little government. By this means they got the peasants with them and lured the left social revolutionists into writing the first land law, legalizing what the peasants were doing. When the

bolsheviki came into real power they set aside that law.

"The bolsheviki won the support of the lowest-paid laborers by declaring for equal pay for all work. As soon as they felt sufficiently strong they contrived devices for raising the incomes of those 'doing unusually important work.'

"The land policy always loomed bigger than any other. When Lenine gained strength to enforce his will he unfolded his plan. Then it appeared that the peasants were not to have the land after all, at any rate not individually, as the state was to have all except small holdings.

"The so-called soviet Russia which the bolsheviki caught has been brought back under military discipline. It is now a tamed and policed soviet, with prosaic government ownership."

Thus the men who were to bring about political and economic justice, based, not upon intrigue, but upon idealism and brotherly love!

□ □ □



The Ebert-Spartacus match

From L'Espresso Libre, Paris



Hanny in St. Joseph News-Press

A modern Oliver Twist

Found: The Public's Interest in the Railway Problem



By Wilton James

Now you can see for yourselves what advertising does. When the armistice came the public were about as interested in whether the government kept control of the railways as they were in the kind of people who straddle the equator of Jupiter. They didn't even care whether we went on having railways or not, since nobody ever rode in one, and nobody ever shipped anything over them—and ever heard of it again. You will, if you are of a combative nature, rejoice that we got our mail by rail—but if you have been through experiences like myself you had begun to doubt even the existence, or the previous existence, either, of a mail

service. The people, I say, had come to think of the railways in terms of mythology, and would not have been surprised to see an ancient Baldwin locomotive installed in one of our historical museums and referred to as an incident in the industrial development of America during the early history of the republic. I have even dropped a tear for those good folk down in Arkansas and Missouri who, I am told, have never so much as seen a railway train, much less ridden in one.

"Here," I would say, "has come onto the stage of industrial achievement one of the greatest factors in progress of all time. It



Not so easy as it looked!

Parling in New York Tribune

has come onto the stage from upper left, stepped sprightly across the boards, done a curtsy before the footlights, and disappeared from view, forever, up right. And right back there, behind a post, or, perched high in the gallery, deep down in their bags of cracker-jack, are people who missed her entirely and look up, too late, wondering what the applause is all about."

The public's enthusiasm was of the kind displayed by women in summer hats in May or June, in furs round about September first—just as feminine enthusiasm for straw hats, in these days of advanced ideas in

dress, reaches its climax about February first and in furs about June fifteenth, so the popular enthusiasm for railways reached its crest in the days when we had begun to use them; when to go from Kankakee to Kokomo was a matter merely of kale—if you had it you went, and if you hadn't you didn't; when even clerks in shoe stores could go right up to a ticket office and ask for a Pullman reservation without suffering a dislocation of his terminology, and could call the porter "George" with the savoir faire of the salesman for the Lima Bean Company, and in the smoking compartment



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Copyright by George Matthew Adams

"And they want me to keep this up five years longer, eh!"

use the most approved technique in swapping stories with the president of the Zanesville National Bank.

People in those days were interested in the railways! They rode in them and they talked about them, and developed a certain passion for some kind of government of something—nobody ever knew what. Now and then you would hear the word "panacea" uttered, gingerly, by someone who wasn't sure how to pronounce it; some people even went so far as to want the government to own something, either the rolling stock or the trackage, or both or neither; or again you would hear people talk-

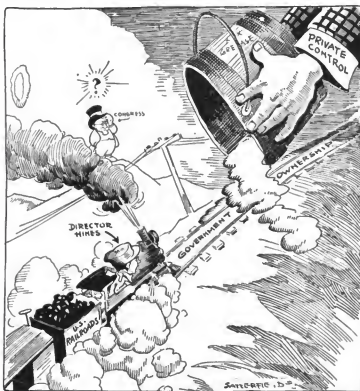
ing about control. It was all nebulous, a vast amount of gaseous theory floating about in purple clouds, ready, should the right kind of economic pressure prevail, to be crystalized into concrete action, mayhap.

Then came our entry into the war, as we have pointed out above, and people forgot that we had ever had railways, and, of course, public interest subsided. All things have an end, however, and this axiom was never better or more dramatically illustrated than when the late war came to an end, and the government, with a nice set of lines on its hands, felt that something had to be done to get people to talking about

the railways again; to get people to sending letters and things by mail, to get them to riding on trains once more and to smiling when they draw lowers. Obviously ownership and all that kind of thing was dead; panaceas were as dead as the proverbial door nail; even the socialists ceased panaceasing, and a man who talked about

and sinking funds for luncheon, and ca-booses for dinner and sidings for supper.

Hence the volumes of entertaining literature that the railway administration has let loose upon the lethargic populace, an amount quite as astounding as the great railway systems themselves that we used to boast about. Our favorite statistician has



Sattler-Fric for Newspaper Enterprise Association

Can he make the grade?

railways was regarded as a bit of a nut—harmless and all that kind of thing, but quaint and archaic.

Publicity was the thing needed; you had to tell the people fascinating facts about the railways if you hoped to lure them to the depot; a cue must be taken from the great advertisers, and show up the enchantments of travel by trackage, so that folks would talk about terminals for breakfast

figured it all out and has found that if all this vast amount of reading matter had been set in one continuous line instead of in lines twenty-six picas wide it would reach from here to there and back, with enough left over to reach to yon, with a thousand picas left over to use in tying up bouquets that our public officials delight in passing on to one another.

This, then, explains, dear reader, the

growing emotions which you feel rising within you but which you could not account for; the increasing pride which you have in our railways, and an unaccountable desire to go somewhere by steam. Even a partial list of reforms like the following—reforms instituted during government control—is enough to rouse the most apathetic to a stirring resolve to go to Oshkosh or somewhere, if only for the week-end: it would be a sin against something to stay at home when we have had put at our disposal a modern railway system, just as no man but must get out of a sunny Sunday morning and take the baby for a ride in the park. Peruse, we say, this list of reforms, and we will be surprised if you do not feel within you a compelling interest in the railways

that must either make you use them or else argue about them:

"The maintenance of the permit system so as to control the traffic at its source.

"The maintenance of heavy loads for cars.

"The pooling of repair shops.

"The elimination of circuitous routes.

"The unification of terminals.

"The maintenance of the 'sailing day plan.'

"The consolidation of ticket offices.

"The utilization of universal mileage tickets.

"The standardization of equipment.

"The maintenance of the uniform freight classification introduced by the United States Railroad Administration.

"The maintenance of common time tables between important points.



Orig. in Chicago Tribune

The American Laocoon

"The establishment of through waybilling freight from point of origin to destination.

"Rendering unnecessary the rebilling by connecting or intermediate routes.

"The elimination of the old practice of paying in mileage or per diem rental for the use of freight or passenger cars of one carrier by another.

"The simplification of the old practice of apportioning interline passenger revenue.

"The utilization of water routes for the relief of crowded lines."

Or take the little matter of "deferred maintenance." It is inconceivable that any one, no matter how bound up he may have been in the war or how many liberty bonds he may have bought, should have lost his interest in deferred maintenance. You have not allowed your insurance to lapse; you have thought to wind the clock every night and to feed the canary, and yet you have allowed deferred maintenance to pass quite out of mind, just as if it were a mother-in-law or something. Happily the railway folks are not asleep at the switch, and have prepared this enticing paragraph for you. Listen:

"It was insisted that paragraph (b) of section 5" [we recall how interested you

were in (b), of section 5] "should be stricken out. This provides that the Director general may expend and charge to the carriers a sufficient sum to make such deferred maintenance as may be necessary to make the operation of the carrier safe, assuming a use of the road similar to the use during the test period, and not substantially enhancing the cost of maintenance over the normal standard of maintenance of railroads of like character and business during said period.

"It does not seem to me open to dispute that the power to make deferred maintenance is a necessary power, and is one which the statute contemplates may be exercised."

This is the sort of thing that has roused the public's interest in railways matters. Whether the statute were rejected or accepted, a delightful narrative like that would be bound to grip the imagination of the public, and if the entire country is not talking about railways during the next few months; if we are not beguiled into thinking in terms of steam-chests and fire-boxes, it will not be the fault of the astute and industrious folks in the director general's office.

□ □ □



Donahay in Cleveland Piano Dealer

Mother made Bill guess the great surprise she had for him, and Bill guessed apple pie



Chaplin in *SR*, Louis Republin

"You'll have to cut out the rough stuff now!"

Wanted: An International Psychology

By James O'Hara

President Wilson, during his visit to Italy, used a phrase that, it seems to us, deserves a wider circulation than it has achieved. We refer to his statement of the need at the present time of an "international psychology." The importance of the phrase lies, not so much because it expresses the need of a league, as because it puts so vividly the need of a state of mind among the nations that would make possible the formation of a league.

President Wilson, in all his recent speeches, has said most emphatically that the people of the various nations are for the league. That is the president's way of passing on a gentle tip to the politicians in our own country that they will best serve their own interests by getting in the pro-

gressive procession, and to refrain, at least, from obstructive tactics, that may mean political death to a lot of them.

The tip is based upon the president's belief (and possibly his knowledge) that the politicians of Europe are for the league. At all events the most powerful figure in Europe today, Lloyd George, the British premier, is for it, and the men who will decide things in Italy and France are for it. The only opposition to the league in Europe, indeed, comes from Russia, where the bolsheviki are set, to a man, in opposition to a league of nations.

Call it demagoguery or what you will, the president occupies a supreme place in the confidence of the peoples of Europe because of his insistence upon a peace settlement in

which the popular will shall have expression. Recent events, too, must convince the impartial judge that the president commands the confidence of the American people, in a sense that our congressional leaders do not command it. For the history of congressional debates during the past two months,

inch in the direction of popular control of diplomacy they will take a mile and thus undermine all international relations of commerce, economics, and society, and destroy nationalism; in the second group are the political opportunists.

With respect to the first group we should



Kirby in New York World

A twisting road

we believe, must have led the vast body of people to the same conclusion as that reported to have been expressed the other day by former President Taft:

"The gentlemen in the Senate who are setting out to defeat this league of nations are those I would not trust over night."

Most of the opposition of the league among our own leaders can be put into two groups: in the first group is an honest fear of bolshevism, of the strengthening of Marxian internationalism, held by people who are afraid that by giving the people an

like to present one fact that has been overlooked in the discussion: radical socialism of the bolshevist type is moving entirely away from internationalism; the one thing it does not want is internationalism and an internationalistic settlement of the war. No one except a bolshevist can comprehend the mental processes that enter into the formation of a bolshevist's opinions. They are utterly inexplicable, but the fact remains that, frightened by the rapid growth of public opinion in favor of an international spirit—what the president calls an "international



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Can he produce harmony?

psychology"—the bolsheviks have taken the other tack and now extol the principle of nationalism as a basis upon which to build what their latest catch-word describes as "minority rule," which seeks to reach out from Russia, subdue Germany, and then to seize the reigns in France, England, and America.

That is the program of up-to-date bolshevism, and the surest way to combat the principle of minority rule is to extend majority rule; by establishing between the peoples of the various nations bonds of sympathy and understanding that will make war difficult, and in time impossible, and

by breaking down barriers of hatred and bitterness and misunderstanding wherever these result from a misguided nationalism, of the kind that the American bolshevik is constantly playing upon when he seeks to array American prejudice against Great Britain and France, the strongholds in Europe, of majority rule.

Thus do the shifting currents of public opinion make strange bed-fellows among politicians, causing our hesitant statesmen to draw, as sleeping partners, the bolsheviks, in attacking whom they have been in the habit of waxing eloquent and patriotic.

The second group of opponents to the

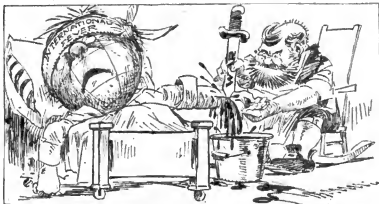
league idea consists of the group laid out by the exhortatory gifts of our former president in the above words, and whose opposition he analyzes as follows:

"They are citing the Constitution as an argument against it. I revere and worship that great instrument, and it is a new story to me if the Constitution prevents this people from playing their part in bringing peace and order and happiness to ourselves and the other peoples of the world.

"The application at this time of the doctrine of avoiding entangling alliances is

reactionary to the extent of delaying world peace one hundred years."

The "Constitution!" That is the shibboleth at whose utterance opponents of the league rush together, drop a tear or two, and then indulge themselves in an orgy of patriotic fervor about entangling alliances, and the ideals for which our forefathers bled, letting the eagle scream just as though it were the fourth of July, and we were not in the midst of a crisis in the history of the world. If the shades of our fathers are interested in events in our mundane



AND PROBABLY FOLKS WERE SKEPTICAL ABOUT THAT AT FIRST
They used to try to cure disease by calling in the barber and drawing off a couple of quarts of blood—



When all they really needed were a few sugar pills and a prescription for dieting

During in New York Tribune

sphere they must have loosed themselves of a titter when they saw Senator Reed rise in his place in the senate, cheered on by Senators Borah and Lodge, and discuss a war in which our national isolation, a policy given birth to by revolutionary passion, had been a very considerable factor—the shades of Washington and Jefferson and Madison and the Adamases, we say, must have smiled, even if they did not titter, when Senator Reed delivered himself of this:

"A hundred years have passed; this is the first time we are in a war with Europe. And why? First, because there was an indefiniteness, perhaps, about international law which ought to be cleared up, as all international law ought to be; but under that England declared a blockade of the North Sea—a thing that had hitherto been regarded as illegal—that was followed by Germany's declaring a blockade of the English Channel and the waters in and about England, and that was followed by Germany undertaking to sweep all commerce from the seas. That brought us into the war.

"Next," said the enervated orator, "they said we could not get ready to fight. When

this giant arose and shook himself; when the boys from the farm and the anvil and the forge were called on, they came, a glorious concourse of indomitable souls.

"How well they did it! I said the other day, and I repeat: The French have been driven back; the English have been driven back; gallantly they have retreated. The English lion, with bloody froth dripping from his white fangs, facing the foe, but yet being driven back; the French with gallant heroism carpeting the ground with their immortal dead; but still they were being driven back until at last in the agony of his soul, Haig cried out, 'Our backs are to the wall; Britons, stand and die.'

"Then new voices were heard coming from the rear. It was the mingled rebel yell and the Yankee cheer. They swept down from Chateau-Thierry, on through Belleau Wood, on through the forest, across the Rhine, and to-day they are the masters of Berlin."

As a broadly conceived discussion of the most vital problem confronting our nation today, we submit this peroration of Senator Reed's as a masterpiece of insularity.

□ □ □



From *L'Homme Libre*, Paris

"Please, sir, how shall we play at war if they form a league of nations?"

Something Inside Him Seemed to Snap

Story and Everything by Don Herold

Have you one of those things inside of you, which snaps when you are too wicked? I have. I don't know just what they are, but I have been reading a great deal about them lately in the magazines, and the other day I found, in a certain situation, that I had one of the darned things myself. I don't know whether to be sorry or glad. It is sure to spoil a lot of my fun. But I will tell about my own personal experience last, for I believe it even more interesting than the experiences of other folks about whom I have been reading in the magazines.

I just finished a story in The Young Man's Home Companion about a big fellow who was almost too mean to live. He was cruel to the stenographers in his office. He would sometimes dictate several letters at once, an ordeal through which no stenographer should be put. Now and then he would place his hot cigar on the corner of his desk where the stenographer would be sure to burn her arm when she came in to take notes. When anybody cursed him on the subway, he would answer back. He had a continual grouch. And he wasn't any nicer at home than he was at the office. One day one of his office associates punched his nose but it did him no good. He was just naturally all wrong with life. Then one evening he went home, and in the course of a conversation with his little daughter, the child told him that he was a bad man. Then the change came—

Something inside of him seemed to snap!

After that he was one of the most cheerful of men. He was probably too cheerful for any earthly use.

But you get what I mean in regard to the little snapper.

Sometimes men in the magazines or in the movies are the sort who work themselves to death. They have great piles of papers on their desk, and a telephone, and all that sort of thing. Perhaps they make the mistake of taking little nips of whiskey out of a two-gallon bottle in the whiskey cabinet in their office, just to help them



"Something inside him seemed to snap"

stand the strain. Again and again, their doctors tell them that they must not work so hard. But they are such demons for work that they just will not quit (either the work or the whiskey). Then one bright day—

Something inside of them seems to snap!

You will now recall thousands of instances, I am sure, in which magazine and movie heroes have gone just so far and then (almost after it was too late), have been saved by the fortunate interior snap of which I speak. It always comes just in the nick of time.

Perhaps you, like I, have regarded it as all bosh. I confess I have regarded it as all bosh. I thought it was just a trick by which writers loosened their heroes from impossible situations. I really did. That is, until I had my own experience, which I will tell you about.



"One day I ate 3,451"

Now I was a ginger cookie fiend. I was perhaps one of the worst ginger cookie fiends in pathological history. I would eat ginger cookies by the bagful. Time and time again, my wife used to bring a large pan of ginger cookies to my study, and I would eat the entire panful at one sitting, and beg her for more. I was my wife's first husband, so she thought nothing about my appetite for ginger cookies; she merely thought that any other husband would have acted similarly if given such perfect ginger cookies.

It was not until I took to barking like a dog, when the pan was empty, that my wife became alarmed and realized that my case was peculiar. She afterwards confessed to me that she consulted specialists.

I became worse and worse. I recall that one day I ate 3,451 ginger cookies. I had little time for anything else. My habit was interfering with my golf. I became exceedingly nervous. Finally, I, myself, consulted a doctor. He simply said: "Too much ginger. You will have to cut out ginger."

But I paid no attention to him.

Then, one day, after I had eaten an entire crate of ginger cookies, fresh from the International Cracker Company—

Something inside of me seemed to snap!

You may think I am merely trying to end my story, but it is the truth. I snapped. I have already said that I used to bark—but now I snapped. And I snapped not outside, but inside!

I knew immediately that I had eaten my last ginger cookie. Since that moment I have never had the least desire for a ginger cookie. It is strange, I know, but I haven't.

I only tell my story that others may be helped by it. If you have any bad habits, do not give them up. Just go along, and some day something inside of you will seem to snap.

I don't know why someone didn't think of it before. Shakespeare muffed the idea completely. You all know who Shakespeare is, don't you? He is the bird that wrote all those famous sayings about "Don't give up the ship!" and "You may fire when you're ready, Gridley!" and "Honesty is the best policy," and so forth. That shows how smart our young women are today who write stories for young men's magazines.

All the other birds they saw the idea lying

there and just snapped it up. And now when they want to write a snappy story all they have got to do is to think hard about the poor young girl locked up in the castle and the villain, who has long mustachios and Prince Albert coat and everything, whipping her something fierce because she won't marry him. And then when the poor novelist thinks about that a long time, she gets madder and madder, and finally—

Something within her (the novelist) seems to snap!

□ □ □



Lesson 14 St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Returned Hero: Remember, Bill, the American Army NEVER gives up!



From the Daily Express, London

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of Me and Thee,
There was—and then no more of Thee and Me.
—Omar Khayyam.

Me und My Son Villum

By Der Count

When Hollandt took der Count (which iss not my choke at all, but little Frederic Villum's, who, when it comes to chokes iss a chip off der old bloke, as der peebles from Hoboken say)—as, leh vas sayingk, when leh came to Hollandt last Nofember it vhas der best t'ing Ich efer didt yedt, because idt gafe me a chance to t'ink. Pe-cause you can't t'ink when Lutendorff undt von Buelow undt t'ose udder birds are aroundt yedt. You may t'ink you can t'ink; you may t'row out der chest undt click der heels undt rattle der sword—you may go t'rough all der motions of using der old bean, but der Chunkers know dot it iss all camouflash undt dot Ich vas a dummy yedt.

Budt now, in der grandt undt glorious free air of Hollandt, Ich can t'ink der t'oughts dat rise vit'in mich, undt metitate

—eefen Ich can ruminate if Ich please undt dere is no Chunker to elap my mout' to-get'er yedt.

Undt dis iss der t'ought dat keeps rinking in der ears—iff der Cherman peebles would ledt mieh be president of a Cherman repuplic like der United (so dey call it for der sake of euphony, Ich am toldt) States! All dey would haf to do would be to fix idt up so dot Ich would be president so long as efer Ich liff yedt, undt leetle Villum be president when Ich kiek in undt peeble when dey speak of mieh say, "Gott in Himmel!"

To satisfy der allies Ich would disarm a leedle, shoost enough to disarm suspicions, undt Villum would be vice president yedt. Der poy has hit der high spots in Vienna undt Paris undt London, undt would make a scream as vice anyt'ingks. Der



Eberly in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

Who started this war?



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

Some suggestions from our suicide expert, if the Kaiser really was not bluffing when he attempted suicide

Prince Oskar would make a goot secretary of var, for in a repuplic like America der secretary of var don't have to know no-t'ingks of var—undt Ock knows aboutt as leedle about var as der Crown Prince, undt Himmel knows der poy Villum iss a vacuum in dat soopject.

Undt how easy it would be to make oop der postmaster cheenerall! In a repuplic like der United (Ich use, der reater vill see, dere own vord for idt) States der postmaster must be vun choke, undt dere iss der Prince Choachim fer der chob.

Ich toldt der Crown Prince aboutt it yedt undt he says, "Papa, you'll haf to haf a congress undt congresses are pretty hardt to handle."

Undt Ich says to him, "Not in a repuplic In a repuplic it is a cinch. Ve vill have

efery year fifty million marks to improve der Rhine mit, undt a billion marks fer der Spree—a rekulark orgy of spendink der moneys, undt ve vill improve everyt'ingks, undt der poy in der congress vill do everyt'ingk ve say. Undt if it comes to der vorst ve vill puy a few Amerikaner senators undt bring dem ofer for der congress yedt."

And Villum oop undt asks:

"Can dey be pought, fader?"

Sometimes Ich t'ink dot poy is choost der foolishness!

Idt is not a bad t'ought if Ich can pudt it ofer, as dey say in repuplics.

But can Ich?

Ich didt it vonce.

Mebbe Ich can do it again yedt.

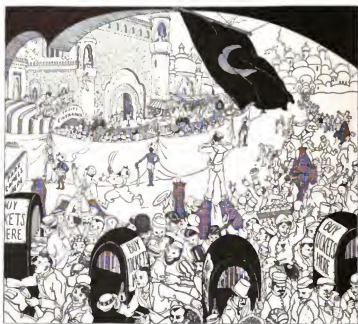
Ve'll see!



From the Toronto Telegram

WOODEN AT BOTH ENDS

The young one: These Dutch shoes are wooden, just like our German beads



"Ladies' Day in Turkey"

The Fan Gets It All Wrong

By A.H. Folwell

Decorated by Hazel Frazee

The sporting editor opened the first letter of the pile before him and read as follows:

To the Sporting Editor, Daily Punch: I'd like to express my appreciation, through your newspaper of this League of Nations idea. I've seen a lot about it in the papers of late, and it impresses me more and more as a mighty good notion, especially since the king of England threw out the first ball game in London last Fourth of July. Honestly, I never thought I'd live to see the day. The war has sure done a lot of big things.

Among other things it convinces me that a League of Nations is no idle dream, but a real possibility. There are a good many nations, of course, that will want to be in it, and it might be better dope to have two eight-club circuits rather than one of sixteen clubs. But that, of course, will be for the magnates to decide. I suppose President Wilson, after the Peace Conference, will leave such details to Heydler and Ban Johnson.

Another troublesome feature, it seems to me, will be the danger of making a runaway race of it; the United States will have prac-

tically a monopoly of all the good players, and it might be hard to keep interest alive after the first of June.

England ought to have a pretty good team, but I don't count on much from France or Italy, neither looking to me like better than a second division proposition. You can't expect much from Russia, either, for about twenty years, unless she gets bold of a corking good manager like Connie Mack or Hughey Jennings. As for Germany and Austria, I wouldn't let them into the League at all; Germany would play as she fought, dirty ball all the way, and we've got to cut out that sort of stuff. Turkey I'd let in because I think that with all them harems Ladies' Day in Turkey would make a big hit, and help the business end of the game.

There's only one thing that really stumps me in this whole idea, and it's going to stump the magnates, too, when they get right down to it. That is the jumps between series. Talk about a jump between St. Louis and Boston! What'll that be

compared with a jump, say, between Japan and France, or the little old U. S. A. and Russia? I'll say they'll have to play to big crowds or the traveling expenses and hotel bills will just about eat up all the receipts.

And you can bet your bottom dollar on this, that there'll be no soft six months season for the players. It'll take maybe four weeks for the United States outfit to get to Japan, and after that there'll be the long haul across the Trans-Siberian to Petrograd or Moscow for the Russian series, and so on into western Europe, so a year will be none too much.

And what about games postponed on account of rain? They have a rainy season in Japan, I understand, and a whole series might have to be called off on account of wet grounds. It'll be no cinch to pull it off, take it from me, but it'll be a great thing for baseball if they can put it over. Do you suppose you could get me a season pass?

Yours,

OLD FAN.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine
by Lang Campbell

AFTER THE FIGHT

"I wish I could get in here. It's just the place I was looking for!"



Gale in Los Angeles Times

Will it come to this?



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Cappel in New York World

The difference

Direct Action for Our Own Bolsheviks

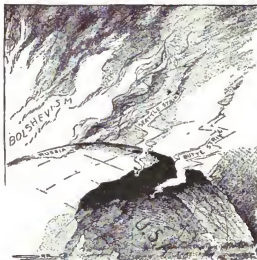
By Otto V. Bergin

The government's prosecution of its case against disloyalty reached its climax last month when Judge Landis, of Chicago, imposed upon Victor Berger, Milwaukee socialist, a twenty-year term of imprisonment. The sentencing of Berger coincided, in point of time, with the beginning of the government's deportation operations, following upon the Seattle troubles, in which a bolshevist uprising was stamped out by the red-blooded methods adopted by Mayor Ole Hanson.

The government's anti-socialist operations, it is enlightening to note, have been accompanied by universal approval. The masses, pictured by agitators as being op-

pressed and down-trodden, waiting only for someone to start something to rise up and deliver themselves from the shackles that capitalism has forged upon them—the masses, we say, have seemed strangely content to accept their present condition, rather than place their head in the noose that bolshevism offers them.

There have been the anticipated cries of "Persecution!" and "Lies!" on the part of professional bolshevists, but to these also the people have remained apathetic, aware, as they are, that bolshevism has nothing except the tyranny of an idea to offer them. The idea or theory that happens to be uppermost may change, from time to time, but



Orr in Chicago Tribune

Sparks

the measure of the tyranny still remains:

Bolshevism in the north-west is an incident in the industrial history of that region, and can be remedied, says Mayor Hanson, by applying common sense methods. The mayor's attitude toward the entire subject is so sound, so well-balanced, that we take the liberty to reproduce a recent statement at some length.

"When I first came to Seattle seventeen years ago," says Mayor Hanson, "our main industries were logging and lumbering, vast areas of wonderful forests covering every hillside and valley. Great lumber companies had been formed, which were rapidly turning the timber into lumber. Itinerant labor was principally the labor used. These laborers were housed in board shacks, slept in wooden bunks and furnished their own blankets and quilts and packed them from camp to camp. The pay was fair, the work hard, but camp conditions were deplorable. There was no amusement in the camp and no means of improving the mind. It was

work from sunup to sundown, then a hasty meal and slumber on a plank bed, in dimly lighted and bad smelling quarters.

"Three or four weeks of this monotony and the worker demanded his pay," the mayor goes on to say. "He went to town and his only place of welcome was the basement saloon with all that goes with it. Discouragement and poverty made him drink to forget and in a few days his bank roll was gone and out to another camp went this poor derelict. At the camp the only literature was I. W. W. The only hope held out to these itinerants was the hope of an international brotherhood. The only companions these men had were I. W. W. agitators and leaders, who showed the poor devils how a general overthrow would benefit them and how that they too would have a home, a

wife and children.

"To a great extent this condition of affairs is being remedied in the northwest. Today many of the great lumbering camps are providing sanitary quarters for their



Thomas in Detroit News

The power of suggestion



Dissemy in Cleveland Plain Dealer

When it sticks its head out, soak it

men, with hot and cold water, shower baths, reading rooms, phonographs and billiard and pool tables."

In the meantime, bolshevism in our industrial centers of the east is continuing its insidious propaganda, the socialist Sunday-schools being particularly effective in centers like New York for the purpose, because they reach the mind when it is young and plastic.

The Russian bolshevists, like Lenine and Trotsky, and even Americans who have returned from Russia infected with the disease, speak glibly of the time when America will be governed by the soviets. At the present rate of their progress, however, this will happen long after Trotsky has passed on, and who knows but what bolshevism will by that time be the veriest reactionarism.



Darling in New York Tribune

Moss



Stonewall in Pittsburgh Bus

The double service flag

Story of a Payroll

By Malone Farrel

I'm not much of a Pay Roll, so far as size is concerned. I know a lot of Pay Rolls that have a million dollars to my thousand. There is the Continental Carpet Pay Roll, for example. The Continental Pay Roll belongs to the same clubs that I do, but it never so much as looks my way when we meet on the street. The Continental president heads the list with a salary of \$100,000 a year, whereas my presi-

dent has to be happy on ten thousand. Why, the Continental Roll is so long as to look like an unabridged dictionary beside me.

But I guess we all feel the same way about those boys that were taken from us and sent to fight in France. Girls are all right, I suppose, and fellows with weak hearts and flat feet are not so bad, even if the army didn't want them. Girls and



Halliday in Providence Journal

The best reception committee

fellows of this kind have enabled me to save eleven thousand dollars for my firm during the past year—and at a time when business was not too good and a dollar saved was two dollars earned.

But take it from me, folks, no Pay Roll, if he is the right kind of Pay Roll, in good and regular standing, and with the right kind of stuff in him—no Pay Roll, I say, has been happy since they began to doll us up with Susan Browns and Dorothy Joneses. Little Millicent Smith, for example, the girl who took Bob White's place at the new printing press—on pay day Millie comes up to the window, dressed in those horrible jeans, takes a slant at me lying there in front of the cashier, grabs the envelope that is handed her,

as if she were at home grabbing a slice of bread when the plate is passed, and then beats it, without so much as saying thank you—not even a smile, mind you! I don't know exactly what "smirk" means, but whatever it is, that is what Millicent has when she comes for her money.

Bob White was different. He was big and handsome, and could smile in three different languages at once. He would smile at the cashier, and sometimes I am afraid he tried to flirt with her, but somehow you didn't mind it in Bob. He had a way with him.

Well, Bob, got to France, and went over the top a few times, and got shot in the argonne, I heard them say, whatever an argonne is. He came back the other day



Sorry to trouble you, but—

Darling in New York Tribune

with gold things on both sleeves and a dangly thing on his breast—Pay Rolls don't know much about these military affairs, you know, although I suppose there are thousands of Pay Rolls in the army (and I have a notion that a lot of them got badly shot up, too).

Bob White came home and the first thing he did was to come to the office. Girls, you should have seen him! Every one in the place got so excited! Some of them blushed, and—I hate to tell tales out of school but the cashier, as she was at

work on me, dropped her "i's" and made quite a mess of it all.

He was the same Bob, and yet he wasn't. He looked so brave and handsome in his uniform, and had a wonderful look in his eyes—the look of a man who has seen things.

Pretty soon I heard Bob ask the superintendent if they were taking the men back, and the man with the long name said he didn't know, that he would have to ask the Boss, and told Bob to come tomorrow because the Boss was in Conneaut.

Bob's face got long, and I thought I saw a quiver about his mouth.

"I hear a lot of folks are not taking the fellows back," he said, and went out.

He came back the next afternoon, and asked to see the Boss, but the Boss had not got back, but had telegraphed that he would be home the following day.

The following day came, as I suppose they always do, and Bob came in and asked to see the Boss. Miss Curly Locks came out and told Bob that the Boss was so busy he couldn't see anyone until the next day. He was in a conference or something, and would Bob come tomorrow?

The next day came. "Next days" are like "following days" that way—they always come. And Bob saw the Boss and was told that it had cost a lot of money to break in the people who had taken the place of the drafted men, and they could

not afford to make the change back, especially since they would have to pay the old men more money, and trade conditions did not warrant their increasing their payroll just now, but if he would come back in a few weeks there might be an opening. (Phew! That is a long sentence, but I talk like that whenever I get mad, and that made me mad, I can tell you.) And the Boss reached out an icy hand and said good-by, and Bob went out, his face all red and saying things to himself.

That was a month ago, and I heard the cashier say this morning that she met Bob White on the street the day before, and that his uniform was getting shabby, and he was still looking for a job.

I don't like to say things about the people I work for, but just the same it doesn't seem right to a Pay Roll, and it will never seem like the old place again.



Over in Chicago Tribune

The girl he left behind him



Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Guess what

And Besides, He Needs the Money

If, since the armistice was signed, and you were not behooved on every hand to hooverize in money as well as in food—if, we say, since the war came to an end last November you have been indulging yourself in a spending orgy, with new clothes, and more dinners at the restaurants, with perhaps an automobile in your possession, do not be embittered if the government comes and demands from you a tax on an income that you have already spent. Just set it down as an outgo tax and be grateful to the Marines that they started the end of the war last June.

All men under forty-five will be grateful

to the government for the training experience provided for by the selective draft. Without having gone through the business of filling out a questionnaire we believe it would be well nigh impossible to fill out an income-tax thingamajig. How strangely reminiscent are these suggestions by a government expert for filling out what many will become familiar with as "Form 1040A":

"A dependent is a person who is dependent upon another for support. A dependent becomes self-supporting when he arrives at the age of eighteen, or becomes emancipated through acts of his own, or some other condition whereby he leaves his par-

ental abode and does not depend upon any one for support. There is an additional exemption of \$200 for each person (other than husband or wife) supported by the taxpayer and who is under eighteen years of age, or is incapable of self-support because mentally or physically defective."

It is for husbands that Form 1040A reserves its special trials. Only the circumstance that divorce and alimony would fur-

part of the \$2,000 exemption as a married man, because of the fact that he was not married for the full year. He would have an exemption of one-half of \$1,000 for the first six months of the period, and one-half of \$2,000 for the last six months of the period, or a total exemption of \$1,500."

Most of us didn't so much as know that there was such a thing as being fractionally married, even though a man in his



Grimm in New York Telegram

A coming serenade

ther increase their perplexities will keep most benedicts, we fancy, from cutting themselves adrift from the married state, even though it might double the size of their tax. Just see what it means to be a married man:

"The regulations under the new law will require the exemptions to be divided fractionally by the month as they relate to the period of taxation. In other words, if a married man was married on July 1, 1918, he would be entitled to only a fractional

facetious moments likes to speak of his "better half."

But there is a rift in the loot that the government is trying to collect. A change has come over the government. Our favorite income-tax collector assures us that "under the old law the marital status at the close of the year determined the amount of exemption allowed under the earlier act; under the 1918 act this has been changed materially. This form of administration or regulation not only changes the amount of

taxable income but also changes the amount upon which to determine the liability for making returns. If a married man earned \$1,800 in the year 1918 under the old law he would not be liable for tax or for filing return. Under the new law in the case above cited, where a man was married on July 1, 1918, with an \$1,800 salary, he would be subject to tax of 6 per cent on \$300, or \$18."

Most of us, when we got through the business of being mulcted a year ago, did not know there was any rule about the business. After studying, day after day, over forms and things, finding it as hard to pay our tax as for a man to get out of the army, one had the idea that one just handed

it over or got thrown into the penitentiary for his pains. One remembered nothing of it all. It was a nightmare, with the mare left out; one remembered great rents being torn in his sense of humor, and his dignity being steam-rollered to the dimensions and shape of a pancake, with one's conceit quite in the list of the missing; something had been done to one, and the anesthetic had failed to work. One tried just to forget.

And now the government has the effrontery to tell us that there has been a change. The only change we want to see is the issue of wound stripes, with an order of merit or something for those of us who come through the ordeal fitted to resume the duties of every-day life.

□ □ □



France takes a look into the future

From the Nebelzatter, Zurich

Anywhere in Peacetime France



As Sketched by Will Hope for *Cartoons Magazine*



The Germans, by accepting so readily President Wilson's fourteen points for peace, and in a general way the idea of a league of nations, accepted themselves out of their colonies for all time. If the former imperial government, and the present government, have insisted upon one point more than another it was that which pertained to self-determination. One would have concluded, to listen to the German statesmen, that the idea of self-determination was invented in Germany, along with the virtues of kindness and gentility and modesty and truthfulness. When, confronted by military disaster, the Germans sought an armistice, it was with a belief, down deep in their seared hearts, that self-determination was the word of charm that would enable her to keep all her ill-gotten gains and to get back her colonies; in other

The Passing of German Colonial Power

words, that that would

ing.

reasoning was

logic that proved so conclusively to itself

that America would not fight and that

Great Britain would stand by and see her

over-run Belgium. Germany should have

known that the allies would supervise the

determining processes of the over-run territories;

and with respect to the former German colonial possessions she should have

guessed that an element of futurity might

enter into the problem. And from there on

it was her own "self" do the determining.

But German reason-

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and with respect to the former German colonial possessions she should have

guessed that an element of futurity might

enter into the problem. And from there on

it was but a step to getting this

thought in whatever it is that

has been functioning as a mind

over there, that the allied powers

and America had a corner

on futurity and would determine

just when the colonial peoples were ready, under allied

tuition to decide for themselves

upon their rule.

For that is precisely what the

league of nations provides for—

league control until subject peoples

are educated to the point

where they can be entrusted

with self-government. The

Germans, of course, had not had

that kind of league in mind;

they could not envisage a league

of nations that was not stamped

with that familiar die. "Made in

Germany." The league, however,

whatever its defects otherwise,

yet is capable of being construed

in a manner broad enough to keep

German clutches off of defenseless

peoples. Here in part is the clause

(Article XIX) in the constitution of the

proposed league covering the



Perry in Moss (City Journal)

She'll never work for him again

Self-Determination Does it

PEACE
CONFERENCE

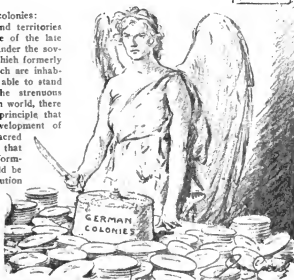
matter of the German colonies:

"To those colonies and territories which as a consequence of the late war have ceased to be under the sovereignty of the states which formerly governed them and which are inhabited by peoples not yet able to stand by themselves under the strenuous conditions of the modern world, there should be applied the principle that the well-being and development of such peoples form a sacred trust of civilization, and that securities for the performance of this trust should be embodied in the constitution of the league.

"The best method of giving practical effect to this principle is that the tutelage of such peoples should be entrusted to advanced nations who by reason of their resources, their experience, or their geographical position, can best undertake this responsibility, and that this tutelage should be exercised by them as mandatories on behalf of the league."

The Germans, of course, have cried "Betrayal!" and denounced the proposed league. Count von Brockdorff-Rantzau, foreign secretary in the present German government, has, for example, quite lost control of his temper, and said that "Germany cannot enter a league of nations without colonies." Dr. Solf, who was secretary of state for foreign affairs in the imperial government, still talks of the necessity of placating the German people, regardless of the feelings of victorious races:

"In Paris it was stated that Australia and New Zealand would be embittered many years unless permitted to annex New Guinea and Samoa, but what will be the bit-



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Control in New York World

Some job

terness created among the German people if at the conclusion of peace they find themselves deprived of all colonies?"

Which illustrates how little of repentance is to be found in Germany, how little progress they have made away from the Germany of old.

General Smuts, of South Africa, however, has answered very effectively the Solf contention:

"Great Britain," says General Smuts, "cannot allow a return to conditions which mean the militarization of the natives and their employment for a scheme of world power. It cannot allow naval and submarine bases to be organized on both coasts of Africa to the endangerment of the sea communication of the Empire and the peace of the world. It must insist upon through land communication from one end



as in Los Angeles Times

The operation was entirely successful



"Ya know, pop, I've read about fifteen times that Germany wants her colonies back."
 "Yeh, but ye ain't read nothin' about the colonies wantin' Germany back, hev ye?"

(Reiser to New York World)

of Africa to the other. As long as there is no real change of heart in Germany, no irrevocable break with militarism, the law of self-preservation must be considered paramount. No fresh extension of Prussian militarism to other continents and seas should be tolerated and the conquered German colonies can only be regarded as guarantees for the future peace of the world."

If other arguments against returning the German colonies were needed it would be found in the inhumanity of German colony rule. Terrorism has always been the favorite idea in Berlin of running a subject race, and flogging, imprisonment, fines, burning

with red-hot irons, hanging by the thumbs—these were the instruments by which Germany attempted to impose her will upon the black tribes of Africa. During the Herero rebellion in 1904 General von Trotha conducted an extermination campaign that for fiendishness, just pure fiendishness, has never been excelled.

That is the conception of German colonial rule that Berlin insists upon being restored in Africa and her other possessions! Unfortunately for Germany she cannot successfully plead innocence on the grounds of her inability for humanitarian reasons, even if expediency dictated, to perpetrate



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"I don't want to be a trustee!"

such deeds. Four years of barbarism in Belgium and northern France, which merely repeated the crimes that are charged against her colonial rule, condemn her. A people that could cut off the arms of Belgian children were capable of cutting off the arms of African children; a nation that could crucify Belgian soldiers were easily capable of crucifixion of black men in Africa. Germany has put herself utterly beyond the pale of the world's trust and confidence—not because the world wills it, but because the German people permitted all that is fiendish and brutal in Prussianism to have

its will. Germany, under the spell of militarism, must have its fling—and now that the jig is up the fiddler must be paid. If a part of the price which she must pay is universal suspicion of the sincerity of her revolution, a suspicion that withholds from her the colonial possessions that she proved herself unworthy of, she has, not the entente powers to blame, but her own ambitions, fed by junkerism, to become the world's dominant commercial power. And that suspicion she can remove, not by whining and threats and clanking her sword, but by accepting the decrees of justice.



Racey in Montreal Star

IN THE EX-GERMAN COLONIES

Demonstration of deep sorrow on learning from Paris that they will not be returned to the Germans



Reincarnation with a Reverse English

By Douglas Malloch

Drawings by
Eugene Devol

"If I understand you correctly, Professor—"

"No, not 'professor'—just a plain, ordinary, amateur experimenter. I don't like the term 'professor.' It can mean so many things—a college instructor, a sleight-of-hand performer, a gentleman who does the parachute drop—"

"Well then, Doctor—"

"The same objection. A doctor may be so many kinds: medical, divinity, horse, eye, ear, nose and throat. No, I guess 'Mr. Smith' better be my only title."

"Well, be that as it may, as I understand it, Pro—I mean Mr. Smith—by the power of hypnosis you are able to accomplish a metaphysical metamorphosis—"

"There you go again. What I call it is reincarnation with a reverse english."

Had it not been for the necessity of grabbing the reader's interest with some dialogue right at the very beginning, a practice recommended to authors by the best correspondence schools in short-story writing (for the American reader is a shy bird and must be spared descriptive passages until you have him safely in the net)—we say, if it had not been for this, we should have explained long ago that the speaker who so modestly thrust the crown of professorship from himself, in discussing his discoveries, was a book-keeper at

"The bookkeeper up to the Grange store was a little off his base"

the Grange store, and the other a visitor from Chicago who, naturally, was interested in psycho-analysis and such like. Having been informed by various perfectly normal people that the book-keeper up at the Grange store was a little off his base, he knew that there was a genius in the community, who was being accorded the usual recognition by his neighbors mentioned by St. Matthew in his thirteenth chapter and fifty-seventh verse. (As we go along we seek not only to entertain but to encourage the reading of the scriptures.) Our great American community absolutely declines to honor a native until he is safely dead, and would much rather buy his books then than now.

But there is no American custom prohibiting the recognition of genius by non-residents (unless they be relatives). So the visitor from Chicago made haste to interrogate the humble book-keeper in his little rose-covered cot, or which would have been 'rose-covered had the month not been November. The amateur metaphysician went on:

"I arrived at my discovery," he said, "by putting two and two together."

"You naturally would," smiled the Chicago intellectual, paying a quaint compliment to the book-keeper's profession.

"I knew, in the first place," continued the book-keeper, so intent in the exposition of his theory that he muffed the tribute, "that people can be put to sleep with a few passes. I have seen a lecturer do it in our winter lyceum course."

"Then you have seen demonstrations of hypnosis?"

"No, never; but I have read up on the subject. I also know something about the

to myself, 'If we can return to earth a few centuries from now reincarnated, why can't we pre-incarnate ourselves as we used to be?' In other words, if we have in our brains the records of our forgotten, objectively forgotten, you understand, selves of twenty or thirty or forty years ago, why can't we go a little deeper and recall the personality of two hundred or three hundred or four hundred years ago? Why



"Be Joyful Jones missed the first boat"

theory of reincarnation, by means of which, as you know, we return to earth in some other form without being detected.

"And now," said the village metaphysician impressively, "we come to the second point: I have observed that we all carry in our brains, almost unconsciously, complete recollections of some time in our youths or period in our lives, pictures, as it were, of things that are past, that some trifling incident, such as a wedding anniversary, or an attack of brain fever, or the finding, perhaps, of an old monthly statement, will recall very vividly."

"So Doctor Coriat says."

"Your physician? Well, anyway, I says

can't we put a reverse English on reincarnation, to use a technical term?"

"But to what object or purpose? I am not interested in scientific experiment for the mere sake of scientific experiment. I am not interested in prying into the affairs of the department of the interior at the expense of the department of health.

"I agree with you, sir, heartily, sir, heartily! We have satisfied ourselves that this thing can be done. We have proved that something makes it possible to project the personality into the future, and, ergo, as it were, consequently to shoot it back into the past. Perhaps, to be scientifically exact, instead of a 'reverse English' I should

call it a 'draw shot'. But why do it?"

"Yes," echoed the Chicagoan, "why do it, merely because we can?"

"Because we can serve a noble purpose. I have noticed a number of persons who believe that the world is getting worse, and things aren't like they were in the old days."

"You refer to the price of eggs?"

"No; to our customs, habits, manners; to the enjoyments of life; they say that these are not what they once were."

"And you agree with them?"

"I don't know," responded the book-keeper, with true scientific caution, "but" (he looked about to see if he were overheard) "I propose to send a subject back to find out! I shall put a subject under control and send him into the past to investigate and report."

"The idea might be well worth a test.

Have you a subject?"

"I did not have."



"There would be a Pilgrim party in this country"

It requires a highly intelligent personality—one with great powers of observation, yet a subjective will. I cannot go; I shall be needed here. Anyway, a man cannot pre-incarnate himself. But at last I have someone who, I am sure, will be willing to assist for the sake of science."

There was no mistaking the book-keeper's bow. "You mean me?" asked the Chicagoan without a quiver of surprise. By all the canons of short-story writing he should have been surprised, meaning astonished, out of his boots. But it can't be helped: he was not. "Nothing doing!" he said, very simply and positively.

"Then the experiment cannot be made," sighed the scientist, his enthusiasm suddenly going out like a fire in the family furnace.

"Not necessarily," chirped the Chicagoan cheerily. "I have been thinking."

"Yes?"

"There is my wife—"

"She is with you?"

"Sometimes I think she is, and sometimes against. But, anyway, she is here. She," in a whisper, "is one of those persons you spoke about."

"Which?"

"One of those people living in the glorious past. That is one reason we are in your charming little village right now. She is digging up some root of the family tree that extends into this town. But, gosh! there is one thing I never thought about: You said something about needing somebody with a subjective will."

"Absolute passivity is essential."

"Well, that isn't my wife."

"Still it might be possible—what is your wife's particular hobby?"

"Pilgrim Fathers. We talk them, read them, live them. Life at our house is a regular, continuous Pilgrims' progress. There isn't a hedspring in our house: the Pilgrims slept on slats, or she thinks they did. She cooks our soup in a kettle in front of the fireplace because the Pilgrim Fathers cooked that way. I have explained to her that they had to, and we don't—but it does no good."

"Why is she so interested in the Pilgrim Fathers?"

"Because she's one. That is, her



folks were, 'way back. Miriam is descended from Be Joyful Jones, who settled at Plymouth in 1629. One of the sorrows of her life is the fact that Be Joyful Jones missed the first boat. But he was a Pilgrim, anyway, and she is a Pilgrim yet, and, if she had her way, there would be a Pilgrim party in this country. Naturally she sort of looks down on me."

"You are not able to trace your genealogy to the Pilgrim Fathers?"

"No, not exactly. I know I had an uncle who ran a blacksmith shop in Cincinnati in 1851, but that is as far back as I have been able to go. The civil war put our family on the bum, and, when it was over, there wasn't anybody much left to give us any information regarding the family tree. So I am sort of non compos mentis, or persona non grata, or whatever you call it, around our house. It is a matter of great regret to Miriam that I do not in any way resemble Be Joyful Jones, and it makes her madder than ever when I resemble his front name. Her other great grief is that she didn't live in those good old days of the Pilgrim Fathers herself."

"Then wouldn't she jump at the chance?"

To persuade Miriam to consent to preincarnation took even longer than her husband had feared. There was an up-a-dark-alley-in-the-dead-of-nightness about it that scared her. The enthusiasm of the book-keeper assured her; but the enthusiasm of her husband aroused her suspicions. Why had she brought him with her to the village: if she couldn't trust him eighty miles off, what about three hundred years? She

didn't believe they could put her to sleep, anyhow; and she was afraid they wouldn't be able to wake her up, if they did.

But they worked on her scepticism and her curiosity until she at last consented and composed herself, with her mind fixed on her ancestors and her eye fixed on her husband. At first the book-keeper's passes had no effect. But, with her attention concentrated on her husband's bald spot, a change came over Miriam. They watched her breathlessly. They knew nothing about Dr. Braid or his discoveries; but, as she gazed at that shiny area, she was unquestionably going to sleep. Even as her eyes narrowed, her look still lingered on her husband's head, like the setting sun lighting up a distant window-pane as day sinks to rest. Her eyelids closed with a vibrating motion, her chin fell on her breast, she sighed deeply, she began breathing heavily—there are persons who would have said she snored. "They're off," whispered her husband. The book-keeper turned a puzzled side-glance at him, and then again watched the subject. But Miriam slept on.

They had placed Miriam in a comfortable chair, a reclining leather affair, with generous arms. The two others sat opposite her, hardly breathing, waiting for any manifestation, not knowing what to expect, but fully expecting it. But Miriam slept on.

So Paracelsus, Van Helmont, Mesmer, Charcot, Hamilton, Bernheim, Braid, Denton, and many more, brother scientists, had sat breathlessly, had intently watched.

This, they knew, was a momentous hour in the world's psychic history. But Miriam slept on.

The London Society for Psychical Research must hear of this. Already in his mind the book-keeper began to formulate the opening sentences of that scientific report that would startle the world. Already the book-keeper heard himself acclaimed as the discoverer of a great fact that it would take years to disprove. But Miriam slept on.

At last he ventured to interrogate the book-keeper. "What do you think about it? Hadn't we ought to wake her?" he asked.

"Leave her alone," answered the book-keeper. "She will wake up presently and begin to talk." And Miriam slept on.

It was when she had been sleeping an hour and twenty minutes by her husband's watch that they decided to arouse her. The husband said it had gone far enough. So the book-keeper, in commanding tones, told the subject, "Wake up! Wake up now!" But Miriam slept on.

They rubbed her hands, they applied a cold bunch of keys to her temples, her husband slapped her violently on the forearms. But Miriam slept on for some time.

Then came signs of returning consciousness. The snoring became a gentle de-

crescendo, with *variazioni*. The book-keeper watched her closely.

"She has something to say, but is restraining herself from saying it," he reported. "It is unusual."

"It is marvelous," said her husband.

At last a few half-articulated words slipped from her lips: "Frozen—walk—no meat—corn—fined—this dress wicked—ow!—Indians!—ow!"

With a scream, the subject was wide awake.

"John! Take me home—quick—'way home—this very night—but first, something to eat—steak with onions—and a taxi—I was never so hungry in my life. Don't stand there! Come on!"

When gentle woman speaks in that tone and language, science must stand aside. Science did.

On the street she held his arm very tightly.

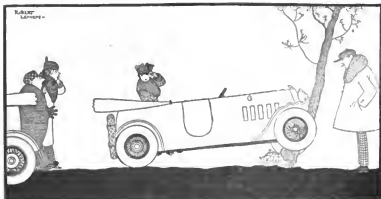
"It was awful, John," she said, confidentially. "I am not going to tell that man a thing. But I'm hungry, John, and crazy to do what I want to do. Why, they were going to fine me, John, for this dress!"

"Did you see any of your ancestors—ah, Be Joyful Jones?"

"Don't you ever mention Be Joyful Jones or the Pilgrim Fathers again!"

And John seldom did.

□ □ □



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

GETTING BACK TO A PEACE BASIS

"What happened?"
 "My absent-minded husband forgot for the moment that he was no longer driving a tank."



Copyright, 1919, by Philadelphus Inquirer Co.

Morgan in Philadelphus Inquirer

This old bird has been wished on your Uncle Samuel

The East and the Near East

Whoever imagined, when President Wilson went to France, that he had inside of him that mandatorial idea? He had not so much as hinted that he knew the word—certainly none of the rest of us knew it. Everyone must have felt, after seeing those photographs of the president boarding the boat, that he had something unusual on his mind, but no one suspected that it was mandatoriness. If Senator Lodge had dreamed at the real cause we doubt whether the president could have got away with it.

But to the more rarified atmosphere of Paris went our illustrious leader, and there, upon a world that little knew of what was coming he gave birth to the thought that the German colonies should be ruled by various nations, equipped with mandates or commissions or assignments or something for the business.

The allied nations gobbled up the idea—much to the despair of the opposition party in this country. They gobbled up the idea because of its clasticity. They knew that once you get the mandatory hunch, that once you admit even the workability of a mandate, that moment you want to mandatize everything, from Spitzbergen to the pock-marked lands of the moon. There are lands under German political influence that are quite as benighted in their way as the colonies themselves, and that offer themselves as adequate subjects for mandatization.

The first-fruit of the success of the president's idea was that suggestion about mandatizing Turkey. For you can say what you will about Turkish cigarettes and for the general principle of the harem without de-



Derling in New York Tribune

Making the Dardanelles safe for navigation



Nix on entangling alliance No. 1

Thomas in Detroit News

siring to see our own land undergo a process of haremization—say what you will for Turkey, yet it leaves much to be desired in the way of civilization, so that one is led to question whether the heart of German East Africa is not as ready for self-government, according to occidental ideas, as our friends the Turks.

Mind you the Turkey folks may be good wrestlers, and may know the Koran backwards (which some pundit, with an eye to a pun, will remind us is the only way to know it), and yet be wholly incapable when it comes to lining up a ward in the spring elections, and would make a mess of things when the time becomes ripe for our reform-

ers, fresh from triumphs over alcohol, to deliver the world from the curse of nicotine.

The idea, then, was this, that Turkey, being quite as mandatoriable as Samoa, say, should be entrusted to the tender mercies of Uncle Sam. And all this to come to him as the innocent bystander! Turkey has been a thorn in the side of Europe for centuries, and no one dared remove the thorn lest some other power replace the thorn with a stiletto in the region of the midribs. America chances to be the disinterested party watching the show, and therefore to her would be entrusted the keeping of the thorn.



Haney in St. Joseph News-Press

His swan song

Sahara Nights

By Alfred Russell

PERSONS IN THIS STIRRING DRAMA
OF DROUGHT:

JENKINS. JONES. JAMES.

THE CADAVERDITY.

THE FEMALE. BLONDY.

WAITER.

Scene 1

(Tonneau of Jenkins' car, leaving a down-town fizzery at 12:30 p. m., July 1st, with Jones, Jenkins, and James.)

Jenkins: Well, it might have been worse at that.

Jones (who is not so sure): I didn't know there was that much ice-cream in the world.

James: There isn't. Just seems that way.

Jenkins (with conversational hang-over from the old days): Well, it might have been worse at that.

Jones: But it's going to be a terrible, terrible bore.

James: The fizz didn't sound so bad.

Jones: But fancy the straw, just like a blooming horse! They must have it doped. Especially toward the end.



Sydney Appleton in Philadelphia Ledger

"Here goes!"



Caricature in New York World. Copyright, 1918, by Joe Pennington, L.A.

Freed from the demon rum

James: How many did we have?

Jones: Only seven rounds. What's the rules, anybody know?

Jamcs: Yes, how many ice-cream sodas is it the proper form to drink? I forgot to ask the daughter.

Jenkins: Well, it might have been worse at that.

James (as auto stops in front of his abode): Thursday evening we meet at the Cream City Confectionery Parlors, is that it?

Jones: Right!

Scene 2

(One of those cute little mahogany stalls at the Cream City Confectionery Parlors. Persons: The three "J's.")

Jenkins (as the waiter, a misplaced lock of hair straggling back over her left ear onto her shoulder, stands threateningly over them with a malevolent looking tray): This round's on me. It might be worse, eh boys?

Jones: I don't know. It isn't.

James (spying an approaching female with an energetic pencil in her hand): But it's going to be right away.

The Female (with a fishy eye that roves from James to Jenkins to Jones): Won't you gentlemen sign this petition?

Jenkins (when the eye finally comes to rest pointing at him): What's it all about, madam?

The Female (the fishy eye again making a swing around the circle): It's to send to our congressman and senators in behalf of the proposed anti-tobacco law. It's to prohibit the growing and manufacture into any products for human use whatsoever and the consumption in any form of tobacco.

Jenkins (quite flattened out): But—but certainly you don't mean it, madam?



Kirby in New York World

The anxious survivors

The Female: Take my tip, gentlemen: within thirty days a resolution will have been passed in Congress to submit an anti-tobacco constitutional amendment to the people; and we have enough women's votes in sight to make it carry. The Anti-Tobacco Federation has the machinery of the old prohibition forces, and—

James: And you'll drive us all to drink.

The Female: Only there isn't any drink.

(The three sign, having never been known to turn down a lady. The Female goes off the stage down center, after holding up two other parties, too polite to refuse.)

Jones: Can you beat it?

Jenkins (horribly optimistic): Well, it might be worse.

James: How?

Jenkins: They might start an anti-coffee league.

James (who has lit a Perfectorino and is emitting great clouds of dense smoke): Well, there'd be some sense to that. You know, I haven't drunk a cup of coffee for thirteen years. Had to cut it out. Doctor's



Copyright, 1919, Press Publishing Company

Quoted in New York World

Now then!

orders. It's rank poison. Keeps you awake and all that sort of thing. Experiments show it. There was Dr. Blurb, of South-eastern university, who proved beyond the shadow—

Jenkins: Aw, that's what they all say.

James: Who?

Jenkins: The shadows—the thin, skinny folks who go around and try to make you



Brown in Chicago News

Next!



Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Will the son love father's new affinity?

abstain from chewing gum because their daughter got all tangled up in a skein of cuti chuti and bit her tongue off. Wherejuh get that line of bunk, James?

Jones: Yes, howjuh get that way? Any-way it might be worse, Jenkins.

Jenkins: Might it? How?

Jones: You and I might get that way.

Scene 3

(The same place a month later. The curtain on rising discloses Jones and Jenkins with cigars and mugs of root beer.)

Jenkins: Too bad about James.

Jones: Yes, I never thought the anti-coffee crowd would get James. He seemed all right every other way. But a bug's a bug. If a bird gets bit by a bug he might as well give himself up as a nut.

Jenkins: Still, it might be worse.

Jones (spying an approaching bit of Cadaverosity, male, von Tirpitz beard, and with huge steel-rimmed spectacles): It is!

The Cadaverosity (delving into his cavernous pockets and bringing forth a pencil and folded petition blank): Gentlemen, I want to get you to sign a petition calling upon our representatives in Congress to



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Webster in Detroit News

The widow Douglas civilizes Huck Finn



Darling in St. Louis Globe-Democrat

New map of the great American desert



Moving in with the cabbages and potatoes

Donahay in Cleveland Plain Dealer

support the Misunderstood bill for the suppression of profanity.

Jones (startled, unwontedly startled for Jones): Hell's bells! You don't mean to—Why, it's absurd. It's unconstitutional!

The Cadaverosity (who draws close to Jones' face): The constitution, my friend, gives the people of America the right to prohibit anything that detracts from their happiness, and if the majority of Americans are offended by hearing you say "Hell's bells!" why, we have a right to suppress it.

Jenkins: And I am beastly offended by the boiled cabbage you had for dinner. Go call the patrol, Jones!

Jones (moving over his root beer, which is threatened by the old man's beard): And I object to the right of any man to wear whiskers. It ought to be made a penal offense. (Growing facetious:) I prefer whisky to whiskers, and beer to beards.

Jenkins: Yes, and sense to saints. Anyway, you might as well toddle on, old chap.

Jones (as the Cadaverosity toddles): Holy cats, it'll be spats or something next!

Jenkins: Well, on the square, something ought to be done about spats. I've got spats to blame for this damned rheumatism. Doctur warned me, too, but I would wear 'em. Why, he told me that seventy-nine per cent of the cases of rheumatism

were due to spats. That's different, of course.

Jones: Anyway, begging your pardon, it might be worse.

Jenkins: Whajamean, worse?

Jones: I might get that way.

Scene 4

(The same place, October 1st. The scene shows Jones seated, in solo, over a nut sundae. Blondy blows in.)

Blondy (in her cooingest manner): Please, sir, may I ask you to sign this petition?

(She puts a roll of petition papers in his hand and he doesn't even go through the motions of refusing.)

Jones: What's it all about, madam, if I'm not presuming?

Blondy (getting under way): It's to pe-

tition our congressman and senators to support the Goobler bill against flirting. Flirting is a dreadful habit, isn't it?

Jones (getting hold of himself): I suppose so—if you let it become a habit.

Blondy (going into high): Why, it's getting so a man isn't safe any more, with every brunette ogling him. Won't you please sign, sir?

Jones: If I sign will you sit down and have a soda with me?

Blondy (hesitant but getting herself in hand): Yes, just one, but remember, just one!

Jones (decidedly asidely): And yet I thought prohibition would be a bore!

(Curtain—no, not for the reason you think at all, but because all play writers end their stuff that way.)



Hammond in Wichita Eagle

Seeing stars



Satterfield for Newspaper Enterprise Association

Hurts, but he's got to do it

"So This is the Rhine!"

By W. R. Pellamy

A copy of the Stars and Stripes, the official newspaper of our expeditionary force, which reaches me belatedly, describes the historic movement of the American army into their Rhine sector and the occupation of the bridgehead at Coblenz. It tells, with an attention to detail that no official report would give, and that no newspaper correspondent has given, the most dramatic event of America's participation in the war—it is a story, too, told by a soldier, for which reason the reader is provided with color and background that enhance the unfolding of

the dramatic episode. The following paragraphs reproduce the narrative entire, except for those passages that contain detail of interest only to the troops themselves:

"It was just at dawn," says the writer, "that the close-massed forces of the third American army moved forward in the dismal December rain to take and hold the bridgehead that is theirs today. By four bridges and four ferries, they moved quietly across the river, which is more beautiful than any our own country can show and which means more to Germany than any



Hungerford in Pittsburgh Sun

The wrist watch on the Rhine

American river can ever mean to us. The Rhine, for all its castle-crowned steep, for all its massive and impotent fortresses, is more than a mere moat to guard the fatherland.

"To the Germans, it is a river of proud memories, the silver thread on which their history is strung, the link of lore and legend, the inspiration of their songs for which through countless generations its lipping waters have crooned a soft accompaniment. And then, in the gray of a December morning, an American army moved across the German Rhine.

"For this great hour in the history of the United States, many Americans were up and abroad an hour in advance of the sun. Gray-haired staff officers. Salvation Army lassies, cooks from neighboring messes, couriers, artists, war correspondents, they were all

there waiting at the Coblenz pontoon—the Bridge of Boats—for the electric moment when the Rhine bridges should give forth the music, the ever-recognizable, ever-stirring music of American infantry on the march. Yet they knew in their hearts it would be what the French would regard as an indifferent show. They knew from long and gloomy experience that the American army simply refuses to be dramatic. They were right. There was no fuss and feathers, no flourish of trumpets. There never is."

On the stroke of seven, the narrative continues, "the first mounted men clattered forward over the cobbles of the quay and the order 'Forward March' sounded from post to post along the river front. It was raining and there was scarcely enough light in the heavens to rival as yet the winking street lamps. Faintly silhouetted against

the gray sky were visible the great ramparts of Ehrenbreitstein and not far below, where the Moselle swings into the Rhine, could be seen in sharp relief the stupendous statue of the first Wilhelm.

"This bridge—it was at the point where, according to Rhineland legend, the lovely Riza walked upon the waters from shore to shore a thousand years ago—this bridge was set aside for the First Brigade. It was

Rhine or the significance of the occasion, listening indignantly to the patter of the rain on their helmets and wondering if the quartermaster had enough shoes. Close to the further shore, the swaying, scarce-distinguishable column of olive drab melted into the all-enshrouding mist. Not so the flag and the standards, when their turn came to cross the Rhine. Always they shone bravely from shore to shore.



Waiting

Bridge in Stars and Stripes

the same brigade which, less than a year before, had, to the intense and audible amusement of the German Army, modestly settled down in the American old home sector northwest of Toul.

"But the procession grew impressive enough as the doughboys tramped across, an endless column that thumped ahead, deliberately oblivious to the beauties of the

"It was the one touch of color in all that drab and cheerless morning, from the moment when, midstream, the river wind caught and flung them wide, till, dwindling, dwindling, they became only a point of scarlet in a curtain of mist, like a poppy blooming in the cranny of a gray wall. And always, faintly from the other shore, came the music of the band playing in the rain.



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

"Home, Sweet Home!"

"While the first brigade, with ponderous trucks and smoking kitchens, moved over the pontoon, the second brigade was crossing by the beautiful three-span Pfaffendorf bridge near by. Below, the famous Thirty-second was crossing and below them the second, while above, the third had edged upstream a bit toward Bingen."

And there the boys are, very much at home, thank you—especially so since they touch elbows with Canadian troops holding the bridgehead at Bonn, outposts of the two armies engaging in exchanges of courtesies that, says the Stars and Stripes, usually take such form as this:

"Cheer-o Kennida, what division?"

"The second."

"Is 'at so? So's this."

"The second American? Some division, from what they tell us."

"We'll say it is. Where's the British?"

"The Imperials? Oh, down stream somewhere."

"How are things going?"

"Lovely. Just lovely. Couldn't be better if we were home in the States."

"Home in the States? Where do you get that stuff?"

"Oh, well, I'm from Ioway myself. Half of us are Americans."

"The hell you say."

"Right-o!"

Since an army must remain overseas for a time, to hold part of the front against a possible German eruption, our men cannot complain of the sector allotted them.

If they cannot fraternize with the people among whom they are settled, yet they occupy one of the most beautiful as well as most healthful parts of Germany, and, under the spell of the storied Rhine, dream and sing of home—songs that reach a wistful, highly lyric note, as in this delightful bit:

We linger a while in the twilight
As the breezes westward go,
Chording a song, a long sweet song,
That floats through the elms—along—is gone

To the heart of the girl I know.

Play sweetly—sing—my mandolin,
She hears in the twilight our song begin;
The west wind blows—she, loving, knows
The longing I'm singing at evening's close.

This wistfulness may be akin to homesickness; it is more than likely that it is,

but most of the men have followed Elsie Janis' advice. "Our Elsie," the reader will remember, singing up and down the length of the old American sector and in the stations and hospitals, performed a service so remarkable that General Pershing, so the story goes, declared her to be worth an entire army division. Well, Elsie has sent this message from London, where she is revueing in the good old-fashioned Elsie Janis way:

"Some of you may be a bit homesick, but just be thankful that you are alive and able to sit up and take notice of things—even though they may be German. The name of my new show is 'Hello! America!' I would like to change it to 'Bravo! America!' Everyone over here is charming to me and the audiences are very, enthusiastic, but no audience can ever take the place in my heart of the A. E. F.—No bull!"

And that is the way all America feels about it—it is the greatest bunch of soldiers ever got together, no—no kidding.

□ □ □



From the Passing Show, London

NOT ENOUGH PEP IN IT

Actor-Manager (to "super" with one-line part): Look here, you boobey—put some life into the part. You mustn't say "My lord, the duke is wounded" as if he'd cut himself shaving. Now, once more!

Super (even more pianissimo than before): My lord, the duke is wounded.

Actor-Manager: No, no, no, you ass! What you've got to suggest is that he must be scraped off the back wheel of a motor-bus!

About this Time o' year



Caught in New York World
Copyright, 1919, by Press Publishing Co.
Ah-h-h-choo!



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle
Showers!



Darting in Des Moines Register
Some folks don't know when
they've stayed long enough



Why she is late



Ireland in Columbus Dispatch

March

Slayer of winter, art thou here again?
O welcome, thou who bring'st the
summer night!
The bitter wind makes not thy victory
vain,
Nor will we mock thee for thy faint
blue sky.
Welcome, O March! whose kindly
days and dry
Make April ready for the throstle's
song,
Thou first redresser of the winter's
wrong!

Yea, welcome, March! and though I
die ere June,
Yet for the hope of life I give thee
praise,
Striving to swell the burden of the
tune
That even now I hear thy brown
birds raise,
Unmindful of the past or coming
days;
Who sing, "O joy! a new year is be-
gun!
What happiness to look upon the
sun!"

—William Morris.



Harding in Brooklyn Eagle
A pacifist



Chapin in St. Louis Republic
"Cab, sir?"



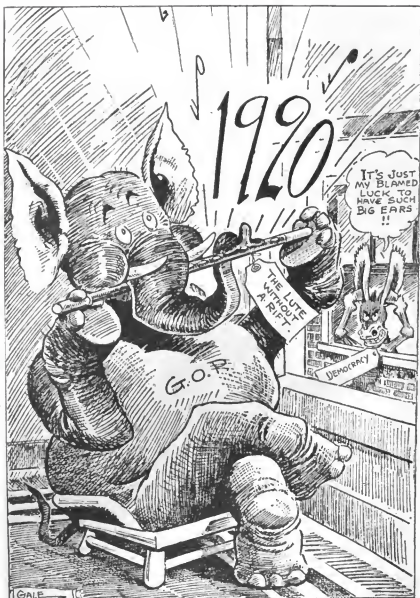
Berryman in Washington Star

March twenty-one



Dunaway in Cleveland Plain Dealer

"Winter? Bah, they don't make 'em like
they used to!"



Only in Los Angeles Times

Harmony 1



Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

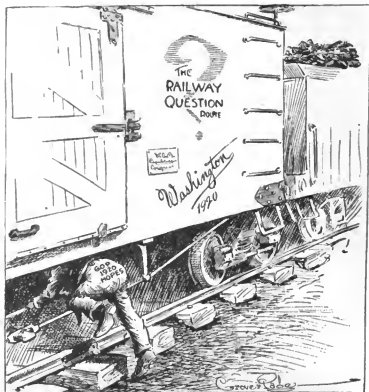
"O for the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still!"

Thoughts of an idle Elephant

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In all this talk about republican plans for 1920 a lot has been said for the elephant, but you have heard nothing by that pachyderm. Have you now? In the following paragraphs you will read, first hand, the elephant's own views on the subject, taken from notes and private memoranda and letters, of which it has a whole trunkful. We have selected short passages at random, covering a variety of subjects, as this is the method approved of, we believe, in the best journalistic circles.)

When I read those interviews by Willie Hays I get all mixed up. I just can't make out whether I'm an elephant or a goat. Then when I'm almost convinced that I'm a regular elephant, with trunk and every-

thing, I wonder whether Willie is a trainer or a mere clown in the republican show. Anyway, I think I know where my tusks went. They were the biggest set of tusks in captivity, and you can't see so much ivory



Page 15 Nashville Tennessean

Trying to steal a ride

running around without your suspicion being aroused. But at that the boys mean well.

So General Pershing says he is not in politics! Wise Jack! Lord knows I need succor, but the frogs and the lions need his help against the black eagles of Germany more than a poor old elephant needs him. Besides, a little more rope and the donkey will have himself hung anyway. A general is all right at the head of an army, but he gets all mixed up when he comes to leading a circus parade. General Grant found that out.

[From a letter to Chairman Hays]: If you'd only consult me! Don't wait for a

dark horse to spring itself on us at the last minute. It might prove to be a black, short-eared donkey, and then they'd have the "Haw haw!" on you. Remember you've got a hungry elephant to feed. Peanuts won't do it: gubers are allright in their way; I've won enough gubernatorial victories during the past two years to make me fat, if I had merely a peanut appetite. But inanition will get me just as sure as your name is Hays. I've got to have something more substantial than straw votes. And it's my hunch, Willie, that the man who has been feeding Europe for the past four years would be the man to feed me during the next four years. I mean Herbert Hoover.

Think it over, lad!



Won't he show some interest in the political dance?

If the boys down in Washington wouldn't kick so much it would save a lot of their energy for the race in 1920. Besides, kicking is an ass's job, and no elephant can compete with an ass in the matter of purely assinine qualities. It's the same way with balking.

Try just as hard as an elephant may, it can't balk like a mule, and the more completely the boys leave these things to the donkey the surer will we be of achieving victory in 1920.

More pushing, more getting behind constructive measures of national importance, more headwork—that is an elephant's business; that is what the people want to see an elephant doing, not capering around and

doing stunts in imitation of the donkey, which only advertise the donkey and lower the dignity of an elephant. And besides, it would give me much needed exercise, and I'm getting as scrofulous as a hahoon through doing nothing at all. Anyone can see what a long period of inaction did to the democrats.

Where are the small boys? Or don't they have small boys any more? It takes the youngsters to keep an elephant good natured.

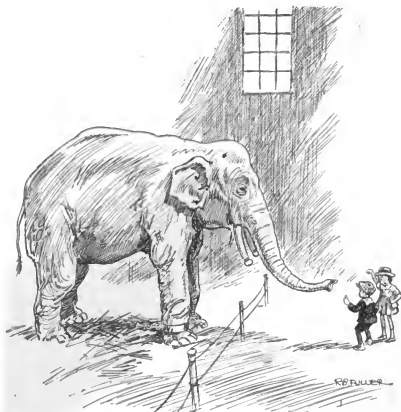
You never see the old folks lugging water to give an elephant, or pulling grass and buying peanuts with hard-earned pennies to feed us? Or if they do it they

don't put much zest into it because it is work, not fun.

I know, of course, that we can't keep the old folks out of the show, but can't Grandpa Lodge and Uncle Boise Penrose and the other elephanters bring their young folks, and bring back the fun we used to have before 1912? The good old days! Some of them went moose wild, but the

moose up and died on them, and I can't believe they can see much in the donkey, except to laugh at. I'll let the youngster ride on my back; I'll drink water with a zeal that will attract attention even after July first; I'll chew bales of grass, wire and all; I'll eat peanuts by the peck—anything, anything, if the youngsters can be got back into the tent.

□ □ □



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

AT THE CIRCUS

Sister: Aw, Bobby, that ain't the way to feed him a peanut—make him stand up on his hind legs an' beg for it.



Kirby in New York World

Up in the clouds

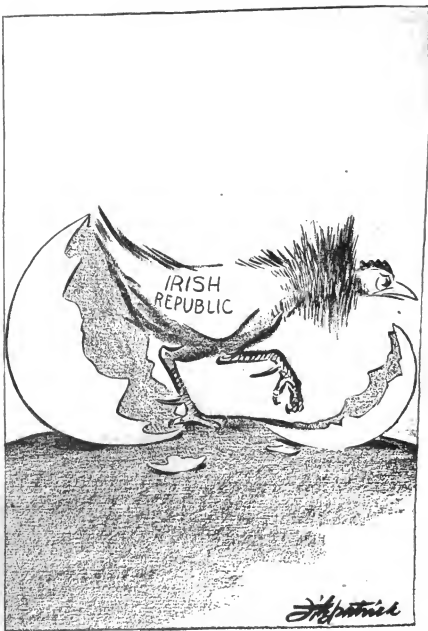
Seeing Green

By GONCILL

There is one thing about the Irish problem that can be put down as true: the situation, if the English government can prevent it, will never reach the status of a debacle. It has been our observation that a really up-to-date revolutionary movement must do all in its power to bring about a debacle. No one, of course, knows much what a debacle is—unless it be the newspaper headline writers, with whom the word is a great favorite. We recall that Russia has had two debacles since 1914, if we may trust the records of our favorite daily; Finland has had one, as also the Ukraine. Even Germany, thin as was the German revolu-

tion, had a regulation debacle.

We repeat, then, that every revolution, by all the high signs, should have a debacle somewhere in the offing, and we have no doubt the Irish revolutionaries have longed for a strong-lunged, lusty one that, like the famed cannon-shot, could be heard of around the world. The success of their business would be assured could they inveigle the British government into shooting up a few of the more radical of the revolutionists, as they did in 1916; to get their idea over they need but get the British government to platoonize the public parks and streets of Dublin and to bring into operation the stabilizing influence of



Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

"Where's that peace conference?"

the English constabulary. Very obviously a crisis was required, a situation in which the divergent lines in the history of the relations existing between the Irish and the English should meet and go off in an explosion of patriotism that would drench Ireland in blood but that she be given her freedom.

But the British government has been the annoying thing! It chose the policy of laissez faire, of wait and see, of let-time-take-its-course—the most tantalizing attitude that could possibly have been chosen, so far as the revolutionists were concerned, but an age-old attitude that has done more

than any other one factor to make Britain the great world power that it is today. It may often be a muddled thing, this policy, but it always serves as an effective brake against indiscreet and half-planned action.

In the case of the Irish revolution this practical attitude of the British government has had the effect of making ridiculous the entire nationalist program for Ireland; not only has it made a laughing stock of the so-called Irish government and the Sinn Fein folks back of it, but it has had the effect of undoing not a little of the constructive work that had been accomplished by Redmond and his colleagues,



Bronstrup in San Francisco Chronicle

A new tune



Groom in New York Telegram

May make somebody sick



Give her a front seat!

Seidel in Knickerbocker Press

while the influence of the biggest Irishmen of the generation—E. (G. W. Russell) and Sir Horace Plunkett—has been entirely undone.

There is ground for sincere regret all round. If one is a believer in Irish independence one must regret that the Irish radicals were able to carry out a move that gave the British government a very decided strategic and tactical triumph over the revolutionists, that imparted to the flourish of trumpets that ushered in the revolutionary government the foolish aspect of having been borrowed from a circus parade. On the other hand, if one is a believer in the unionist relations between the two islands

one must also regret that progress toward a peaceful and wise solution of the Irish problem has been delayed.

So keen a critic of John Bullism as George Bernard Shaw has recently pointed out that Ireland cannot be free, in the sense of complete political and economic freedom, from Great Britain so long as considerations of safety from attack must be heeded by British statesmanship. So long as there remain peoples that are predatory, that can easily run amuck, as did the Germans; so long as conflicting commercial interests shall be able to cause wars, just so long must Britain retain some kind of control of Ireland. This may be distasteful enough to Ireland,



Harry in St. Joseph News-Press

He's going to keep on till he gets them

just as it is distasteful to vast numbers of Englishmen—yet there are the cold facts, and to cold facts sentiment and all that must give way. All this, we say, in spite of the traditional attitude of the Irish toward the English, as expressed by Æ:

"British authority at all periods in Irish history, as today, rested solely on superior power. There was never a year in the seven centuries of that domination when the vast majority of the people were not opposed to it. When overcome in rebellion they waited sullenly, silently and steadfastly for the hour of doom falling upon this as upon all empires of history. They desired to manifest their genius in a civilization of their own. That feeling has been as deep, indeed, much deeper and more self-conscious since the act of union was passed, and today, partly through a recovery of the ancient culture, partly by the reaction against state policy, that self-con-

sciousness of nationality is more vivid, more passionate and dominant than any period in Irish history."

There is expressed, with the eloquence that characterizes every utterance of this great Irishman, the soul of Irish nationalism, and that that passion for freedom cannot be given its reward because of the ugly, hard fact of England's necessity for security is one of the great tragedies of history.

In the meantime, if we are correctly informed, a "centrist" party that stands half way between the nationalist and the unionist parties is in process of formation. The leaders in this new group hope to find a solution of the Irish question on the basis of home rule through the principle of federalism. Ireland, they say, is large enough to provide for local divisions while maintaining its national unity, just as there are in Canada parliaments for provinces containing a much smaller population than the

PEACE
CONFERENCE

scat !

IRISH
QUESTION

-CHAPIN-

Chapin in St. Louis Republic

"And the cat came back"

smallest of the Irish provinces, and in some cases a much smaller area.

The new plan proposes a separate provincial single-chambered parliament for each of the Irish provinces, although some suggest only three, with a grouping of Leinster and Connaught. Each provincial parliament would have its own executive and its own exchequer, and have full control over all the purely internal affairs of the province. At the same time there would be established a central federal parliament, with its own executive and exchequer, controlling all affairs that would affect the Irish people as a whole.

This idea prohibits both provincial and federal governments from any interference

with religious equality. As for education, the proposal is made that the national board of education should be resolved into its constituent elements and two new boards be set up in lieu of it, one to consist exclusively of Catholics and the other to represent the various Protestant denominations, each board to have its activities limited to its own denominational interests.

It is an ingenious plan, and has in it the elements of a successful solution of Ireland's difficulties—even though it resembles the British government's policy in this, that it does not provide for a debacle! And a debacle, as we pointed out above, is a *sine qua non* of your successful revolution.



Page in Nashville Tennessean

"A gordian knot"



A figure from a poster design by one of America's greatest masters of the crayon,
W. T. Benda

Three Recent Posters

The art of war postering was as new to most American artists as the science of war itself. French and Italian posters had roused intense enthusiasm, but powerful as were these posters, they could serve merely as an inspiration, not as a model, for American work. American artists were consequently forced to develop an entirely new art, and they made good in a most abundant manner.

The most recent group of posters, those made for the American Committee for Relief in the Near East, is by far the very best that American artists produced during the war. The three that we reproduce herewith fully support our statement, we believe, and justify the highest hopes for the fifth loon posters that are to follow.



"The Child at Your Door" 

400,000 ORPHANS STARVING
NO STATE AID AVAILABLE
CAMPAIGN for \$30,000,000
AMERICAN COMMITTEE
RELIEF IN THE NEAR EAST
ARMENIA • GREECE • SYRIA • PERSIA
700 MADISON AVE. NEW YORK — CLEVELAND H. DODGE 2

This poster is the very embodiment of the spirit of the Armenian people. Starvation, fire, sword, pestilence—it is all there in this striking design by H. Pfeiffer.



One of the most striking posters of the war, both in color and composition, is this design by Douglas Volk. It is simple and massive in its outlines, making it splendidly adapted to the purposes of the poster.



Copyright by George Matthew Adams

Morris for George Matthew Adams Service

The Piano Tuner: That socialistic note makes the discord

How Jan Put some War in Warsaw

By John D. McFarland

The entire history of Poland contains no more glorious chapter than that which is now in the process of making. The very soil of Poland is drenched with the blood of heroes and patriots. What Kosciusko, Pulaski and other Poles did for our own colonies during the American revolution was but a part of the day's work, an incident in long struggles for political freedom.

But even the history of Poland has nothing to offer more brilliant than the fight of the Poles under the militant leadership of

Jan Paderewski, the great pianist. Paderewski formed a government that has not only stood the tests of political dissension within the new republic, but that has carried on a highly successful war against the Russian bolshevists and the Germans. It was only the other week, when new armistice terms were imposed upon Germany, that one of the conditions that Germany reluctantly accepted was that she discontinue her fight against the Poles—which constituted a splendid triumph for Poland under Paderewski.



Reprint from Jewish Daily Worker

Poland: Pogroms in the Ukraine and South America—everybody's doing it, so why blame me?

It is true, Poland, in the delimitation of her territories decided upon by the supreme allied war council, was not as yet given her full desires in Silesia, but final rectification of boundaries will be made later on, and a new Poland is destined to arise that will satisfy the most ardent.

Particularly fortunate and far-seeing has been Paderewski's attitude toward bolshevism. He has given this menace absolutely no quarter. He has declared it to be undemocratic and opposed to all the best interests of Poland. He has fought it on the east with the same vigor that he has met German opposition on the west—and with the result that, with allied guarantees of justice in the settling of her territorial

claims, and certain of an outlet to the sea, Poland faces the future with prospects of commercial and intellectual greatness that will surpass the wildest dreams of fighting Poles of other centuries.

There is but one cloud on the horizon, and that is apparent rather than real. We refer to the Jewish question. Reports of pogroms and racial boycotts have reached America, but until more complete information is at hand, final judgment must be withheld, and confidence placed in Paderewski's declaration that "no privileged classes shall exist in new Poland: Polish citizens, without distinction as to origin, race, creed must all stand equal before the law"—confidence, we say, must be placed

in this assertion of Paderewski's that Poland will represent the same kind of freedom and liberty in Europe that so many of their number have come to America to find in a new world. If proof were needed that Paderewski stands for freedom and equality

it would be found in the detestation in which he is held by the Russian bolshevists. Trotsky has told Paderewski what the one-time kaiser told America, that he would stand no nonsense, and is whipping into shape an army of half a million men.

□ □ □



Reins in New York World

GENIUS REWARDED

Inventor: I don't mind showin' you this wonderful invention of mine that I've been workin' on for the last fifteen years, as I've just received word from Washington that my patent will be granted June 30th.

Friend: Wonderful! What is it?

Inventor: It's a non-refillable whiskey bottle.



HE ASKED FOR A BIG ORDER AND GOT IT

Grassy Butte, North Dakota, is a long way off, even as distances in that commonwealth go, being twenty-five miles from the nearest railway, whichever that is. Yet vigorous ideas concerning topics like the war and advertising are held in Grassy Butte, and are expressed with an incisiveness that might be cultivated by the philosophers of our more pretentious centers like New York and Oshkosh. Here is an epigrammatic earful from Brother Frost, editor of the Grassy Butte News, couched, in the original, in an ingenious mixture of Caslon old-style, bold face and what our favorite type expert, after much study, declares to be "just type":

"It pays to advertise! The kaiser advertised that he could whip the world, and he got more business than he could handle."



NOCTURNES

An artist I know has hit upon a new source of esthetic enjoyment. It is not the sort of thing that would go with a temperament that thrives upon skittles and beer, or that derives its pleasures from evenings spent at pinochle with the boys. Pinochle, mind you, is all right—only one does not turn readily from melding "eighty kings" to the more ecstatic pleasures associated with clouds of tender grays and violets that get all tangled up with the telephone cables and the skyscrapers these March afternoons.

But those who find satisfaction in these things will try, at least once, the idea of my artist friend. This idea I myself speak of as "composing one's evening," and has as

its basic principle the regarding of one's evening hours (waking, of course) as a piece of paper upon which one can write a complete symphony.

A recent evening, just to illustrate, was spent in this manner: ten minutes in the club pool, in the way of an allegro movement; then came dinner, with cigars and conversation upon mighty topics like the future of Russian art under bolshevist rule, and the superior merits of low shoes and spats as against just shoes for winter wear. The hour thus spent served as an adagio movement, and was followed by a scherzo effect in the form of a ring-side half hour, watching the catch-as-catch-can efforts of the Greek (who, if the truth were known, was none other than one Mr. Henry Smith) and the Turk with the "ji"-ending name. Then from the club to a concert hall went my friend for the second and part of the third movement of the ninth Beethoven symphony, done by America's greatest symphony organization—followed by another half hour spent at cheering on the perspiring wrestlers. The final movement of the evening consisted of the closing scenes from Madame Butterfly, and a half hour over the poems of Conrad Aiken, and then taps. The idea is hardly practicable in Keokuk and communities of that kind, where existence is less complex than in our more sophisticated centers—but it shows what can be done in the way of highly organized esthetic enjoyment, provided the "makings" are at hand.



SARTORIAL STUFF

We would like to suggest to the newspaper editors of America that they secure

a closer cooperation between their fashion editors and the folks who design things for men's wear. A favorite theme of the sartorialistic writers is the importance of buying the clothes that fit one's personality. They discourse with a compelling force, and before you have reached the end of the third paragraph you clap your cap on your head, pat your breast pocket to make certain of your check book, and stalk out of your office, bent upon finding a sympathetic tailor.

Now occurs a hiatus, an ellipsis, if you please, a break, between the well meaning, if misguided, efforts of the fashion person and the tailor. You discover, on broaching the subject to the latter that he is less susceptible than yourself to the arguments upon the importance of buying the clothes that fit one's personality, and has based his entire season's campaign upon the highly original idea of fashioning your clothes to fit a one-button, high-waisted personality—some youth from Schemectady or somewhere who has legs and is proud of it. You plead with your tailor to observe your ego; you make a point of the three-buttonness of your personality, the flat-lapel quality of your temperament; you remark with vehemence upon the uncuffable character of your limbs, and descant upon the inconsistency existing between your open-work nature and a five-button vest that seeks to hide that highest symbol of your manhood, an aggressive ehest.

Amplitude—that phrase perfectly expresses your personality, but the tailor, it seems, has never heard of the word, so you run over a list of equivalents. You mention bigness, good-fellowliness, indicating that everybody calls you "Bill," and that all the head-waiters in New York and Utica know you. To get your idea over you even suggest that it was amplitude that explains

the present eminence that you enjoy as vice-president of the Confederate Hop Growers League of America.

To illustrate the idea you mention your notion of what would suit you: a coat built on bilgious lines, with three buttons at the very least, the kind whose tails you adjust, with a flourish, as you sit down to dictate your letters; a vest that affords an unrestricted view of your pleated shirt front; trousers that you can move about in and that do not have to be fussed with when, one hand filled with a substantial sandwich and the other bearing aloft a cup of steaming coffee, you negotiate a chair at the luncheon place around the corner. Why, given haberdashery of a care-free kind, untrammelled by the mandates of fashion, and with the outfit you have named, you would have a chance even at the presidency of the hops society.

But can you get the outfit that reason suggests and that your soul cries out for? Not a bit of it. You are reduced to the necessity, either of taking a suit that would encase in an exquisite manner the fragility of the president of the sophomore class at the Englewood High, or else

of instituting negotiations with a mail-order concern that considerably permits you to send in your own measurements without offering impertinent advice. The latter procedure may involve some inconvenience, but the results you obtain are indisputably worth all the trouble you have been put to. Even your tailor would have to admit that you have achieved unique effects. But, as we suggested above, more intelligent cooperation between our newspaper clothes writers and the tailoring fraternity would have made for quicker results and kept your money at home—a consideration that our chambers of commerce and municipal boards of trade set great store by, I am told.



WAR DID THIS

It put an end to the "Came a day" school of fiction. The school got going strong about 1910, and by 1915 no new novelist with really serious ambitions thought of beginning a yarn except by the heart-stirring phrase, "Came a day." The more daring would now and then revolt against the tyranny of the many and use the locution, "Came a time." But these were much sat upon, as innovators always are, and "Came a day" was in the way of taking its place along with "I guess" and "Say!" as one of our American literary elegancies, when came a day in August, 1914, that hell broke loose, and more virile modes of expression came into use.



AT IT AGAIN

The ancient and concatenated order of Anglophobes are at it again. When federal agents lurked about during the war, with a lot of nice fresh internements for disloyalists, the green-eyed yellow journalist, equally with the Irish agitator and the spell-binding orator from Mugwumpia, slunk away into the hollow silences of his bigotry. But now that Leavenworth and Atlanta are at a safe distance, these professional haters of Britain and the British have broken out again, serving the purposes of German propaganda at a time when Germany is particularly in need of friendly voices in this country.

The traditional attitude in this country toward Great Britain is no longer defensible. Historical perspective has put at everybody's disposal the means of arriving at a just and unbiased conception of the relations of America and England since colonial days. Partisanship and personal advantage may be served by refusing to look the facts in the face; a certain type of newspaper proprietor may fill his tills by playing upon the ignorance and the prejudice of their readers—but Anglophobia is un-

patriotic because it reflects upon the intelligence of the American public.

The intelligent thought of America is not Anglophobe; neither, for that matter, is it Anglophile, just as it is not Gallophile, or Teutonophile, but just American. The intelligent thought of America has long since learned to recognize that intelligent thought in England, in the days of Chatham, was pro-colonial, and that it was the force of this feeling in England that gave us the revolutionary war; it has long since learned to recognize that British diplomacy has served us in and out of season when, in our own credulity and unsophistication,

we were playing with international (which has meant, pretty much, German) fire; that if we can overlook misunderstandings between Frenchmen, say, and Americans on the ground that they talk different languages, so can we naturally expect differences to arise between Americans and Britons, since their habits of thought are so dissimilar.

And right there is the secret, in great part, of the whole thing, that mental processes are so unlike in the two peoples. An American and an Englishman will often irri-

tate each other—until each has had time to adjust himself to the other's mental habits. What the cheap politician, the Irish agitator, the Germanophile, the disappointed journalist whose designs on London society have been thwarted—what these people seek is to prevent this adjustment, to keep the two peoples estranged and on each other's nerves. And the easiest means to this end is the sort of propaganda that is now being waged—exaggeration of differences in political ideals at the peace conference, always with a sneer at Britain's so-called imperialistic designs; insistence upon the malevolence of Britain's purpose in reconstruction trade embargoes—claptrap like that!



WYNDHAM LORE

Joseph Jefferson once remarked that one of the sure tests of a successful career was the extent to which anecdotes and traditions became bound up with one's name. This test is not essential to getting the measure of the late Sir Charles Wyndham, but no man of recent years was the subject of more stories than the great English actor—all of a mellow nature that reflected the genial character of the man.

One or two anecdotes come to mind now that may be new. It will be recalled that Wyndham's memory had been failing for some time, so much so that the job of prompter along toward the last was by no means an easy one. One night Sir Charles called a taxi to take him to Wyndham's—but he couldn't remember the name of the theatre. At last, in desperation he said to the taxi-driver: "Oh, you know, stop at that theater they've named after me!"

Wyndham himself once told this one of a visit he paid, on one of his tours in the provinces, to a Turkish bath. "The masseur, who was very strong," he said, "laid me on the slab and prodded and kneaded and punched and hammered me in a most emphatic way. At the end, after I had got up, he came behind me and gave me on the bare back four terrific resounding whacks with the palm of his enormous hand. 'What on earth did you do that for?' I panted. 'Oh, no offense, sir,' said the man. 'It was only to let the office know I was ready for the next corner. You see, the bell's out of order in his room!'"



DEARBORN INDEPENDENCE

Henry Ford has at last come out with his wide-heralded Dearborn Independent—a weekly newspaper with philippics and articles and editorials and poetry—you know, a regular goll-darn kind of sheet. The editorial department has made a rediscovery of graft and profiteering; it be-cudgels the booze-dispensers; it flays the devil of militarism; it lays into the curse of secret diplomacy, and altogether takes a shot at pretty much of every head that

raises itself above the trenches of privilege and sin.

The Independent's alliterative department, we are glad to observe, is hitting on all six, as when Editor Pipp springs a caption like this, "Doughnuts and Devotion," or "Ho Hum!" For alliteration is to editorial sprightliness what a set of pliant springs are to Mr. Ford's automobile—they soften the harder aspects of sustained serious writing, and at the same time produce enough of a mental jar to keep the mind gently stimulated.

Best of all, we like the poetry with which Mr. Pipp intersperses his editorials. It is pleasant to read about the disorderous bolsheviks, for example, and then come upon a lyrical couplet such as,

*Bumps come to all; but to some men a bump
Is a blow; to others a boost on the jump.*

Or this:

*Got the "blues"? Good blue when undone
Holds the green of the grass and the gold of
the sun.*

There is poetry! Self-starting, stream lines, extra tire, one-man top, and everything! Its most laudable features are the three speeds and reverse—especially the reverse. Take that first verse, for example, and see how feelingly it flows when you start it backwards:

*Blows come to all; but to some men a blow
Is a bump; to others a boost out of "low."*

That is the beauty of the Detroit school of poetry: even the beginning scanner can scan and syntacticate its verse, forward or backward, up-side down or down-side up, or in a republican as readily as in a democratic ward. The casual and transposable quality is even better illustrated by the other lyric:

*Got the pip? Good pip when well done
Holds the morning-after kick of the gin-fizz
bun.*

Nineteen-twenty model in every respect, the Detroit type of verse lacks only one quality to make it the ideal poetry: it is not gasless.

T. C. O'DONNELL.

Doing Des Moines I-o-way



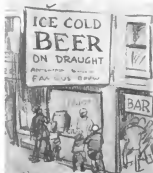
MOSE JACOBS -
THE 'MILLIONAIRE NEWSBOY'
OF DES MOINES - HAS HIS
HOUSE AND CAR BUT STILL
SELLS PAPERS



THE PRIDE AND JOY
OF DES MOINES!



COMMON SIGHT ON THE STREETS -
DES MOINES IS THE INSURANCE CENTER
OF THE WEST -



LOOKS LIKE A WIDE OPEN TOWN -
BUT IT'S ONLY NEAR-BOOZE
'TIS A BONE-DRY CITY

PROSPEROUS? WAL I KNOW!
MORE AUTOS PER CAPITA THAN ANY
OTHER STATE - AND IT TAKES 34
BANKS IN DES MOINES TO HOLD THE
FARMER'S WEALTH.



with K.R. Chamberlain

"HOW BE THE
CROPS DOWN YOUR
WAY?"

*Then there's the
State Fair bygum!*



HAS'N'T MISSED A
STATE FAIR SINCE '76

WINNER OF THE
CRAZY QUILT
BLUE RIBBON



HOG
BARN

FARMERS!
RAISE
"LIBERTY
PIGS!"

DOING THEIR
BEST TO HELP

PORK
WIN THE
WAR!





Floored!

Editor: How's the new society reporter? I told him to condense as much as possible.

Assistant: He did. Here's his account of yesterday's afternoon tea: "Mrs. Lovely poured, Mrs. Jabber roared, Mrs. Duller bored, Mrs. Rasping gored and Mrs. Embonpoint snored."—Detroit Times.

Won't Come Off

There was an old lady of Crewe
Who was horribly frightened of flu;
She spoilt her complexion
Through fear of infection,
Having fixed on a gas-mask with glue.
—Punch.

Then Came the Current Jam

Colored Patient (in hospital): Boss, how do you all do yoh cookin' in thath?

Orderly: Well, Sam, you know we have the latest fandangled methods over he-e: we do our cooking by electricity.

Colored Patient: Hum, by e-lectricity, huh? Well, boss, you sho' ought to have given dem beans anotha shock.—Truth.



From Posing Show, London

HIS OCCUPATION GONE

The Visitor: Cheer up, old man—what's the trouble? Can't have you looking so glum with all this good news about!

The Cartoonist: Good news be hanged! How the dickens can I be funny with Ferdy finished, Karl and Turkey na poo, and now the kaiser—gone!

Of Course This Happened in Boston—Not in Binghamton or St. Paul

"What is the meaning of 'alter ego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"It means the 'other I,'" responded a pupil.

"Give me a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked his alter ego."—Boston Transcript.

The Makin's

Small Boy: Sir, please, have ye got an old little cigarette 'older yer don't wangs?

Golfer: And what do you want a cigarette holder for, my lad?

Small Boy: 'Cos father says I can smoke when I get a little 'older.—Aukland News.



From Punch © London

The Squire: Well, Daniel, I came to congratulate you on your hundredth birthday. Splendid, isn't it?
Daniel: Oh, I doan know, sur. It took I a turrible long time to do it.

Souvenir

"The fair defendant was discharged, I hear."

"Yes, the gallant jury refused to indict her for shooting her husband."

"Ab!"

"As a token of appreciation I understand she presented the foreman of the jury with the pearl handled pistol with which she fired the fatal shot."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

All the Comforts

The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise. He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed, as if about to get up, and he paused. The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears. "If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over carpets with

your muddy boots on. Go downstairs and take them off this minute." He went downstairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the pal, who was waiting for him, saw a tear glisten in his eye. "I just can't bear to rob that house," he said, "it reminds me so of home."—London Opinion.

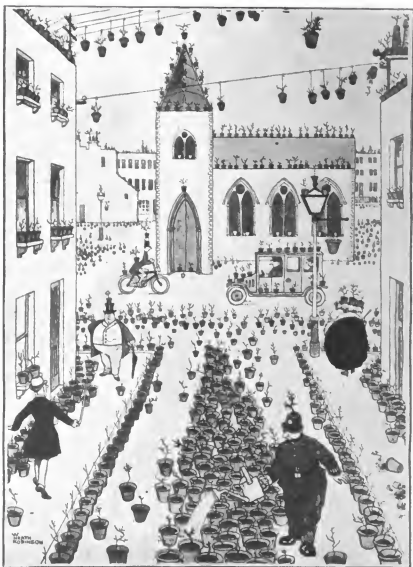
Try Pop Corn on Him?

A visitor in the slums of a large city asked the wife of a hard drinker why she did not keep her husband away from public houses.

"Well," she answered, in a discouraged tone, "I have done my best, but he will go."

"Why don't you make your home look more attractive?"

"I'm sure I've tried hard to make it home-like ma'am. I've took up the parlor carpet, and sprinkled sawdust on the floor, and put a beer barrel in the corner. But it ain't made a bit of difference, as far as I can see."—Dallas News.



Brönm 10 Hystander, Lomem

RECONSTRUCTION STUFF

Afforestation—a good beginning out in the country districts

Crab-Apple

I dreamed the Fairies wanted me
To spend my birth-night with them all;
And I said, "Oh, but you're so wee
And I am so tremendous tall,
What could we do?"

"Crab-apple stem!"

Said they, and I was just like them.

And then, when we were all the same,
The party and the fun began;
They said they'd teach me a new game
Oi "Dew-ponds." "I don't think I can
Play that," I said.

"Crab-apple blue!"

Said they, and I could play it too.

And then, when we had played and played,
The Fairies said that we would dance;
And I said, "Oh, but I'm afraid
That I've no shoes." I gave a glance
At my bare toes.

"Crab-apple sweet!"

Said they, and shoes were on my feet.

And then we danced away, away,
Until my birth-night all was done;
And I said, "I'll go home to-day;
And thank you for my lovely fun,
I'll come again."

"Crab-apple red!"

Said they, and I woke up in bed.

—Punch.

Saved!

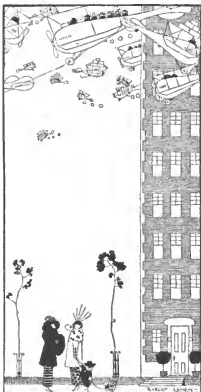
"France's success in this war," said Gen. Oscar L. Standish, "has been due in great measure to the readiness of her comeback. No matter how hard Germany hit her, France has always returned the blow with speed and vigor.

"France, in fact, has been as ready as the young fellow who proposed to the school teacher. The school teacher said scornfully:

"Do you suppose, Mr. Doolittle, that I'd marry a man so benighted as to carry a horseshoe in his pocket for luck?"

"Doolittle paled. Then, recovering himself, quietly he took out his horseshoe, laid it on his knee, patted it and said gently:

"Well, old fellow, I guess nobody'll ever doubt your efficacy after this."—Los Angeles Times.



SOME DAY

"Yes, m'dear, we simply had to move to the ground floor to get away from all the noise and confusion!"

Or Turned a Crank!

A good story is going the rounds concerning Sir Hall Caine.

It seems that the famous novelist, dining at a London restaurant, found himself seated next to a well known newspaper humorist, with whom he got into conversation.

Sir Hall, after complimenting him on his work, asked him: "How on earth do you write twenty jokes a day?"

"With a typewriter," the newspaper man answered with a smile.

"Is that so?" said Sir Hall meaningly: "I thought perhaps you used some sort of copying process!"—Pittsburgh Sun.



Photo: The Byrns, London

A MOVING MELODY

Bert: What's the old girl mean by "Donna è Mobile," Bill?

Bill (back from Italy): Oh, she means she don't know when we'll get demobilised!

Give Her a Dressing Down

"I don't know what to make of my wife."
The fat plumber seemed to be in a nervous mood.

"Whatsa matter?" sympathetically inquired his friend, the thin carpenter.

"My wife is a movie fan—"

"That's not so bad."

"But she has formed the habit of dressing like any particular star that strikes her fancy."

"Well!"

"The other day she came home with her hair fixed like Mary Pickford's."

"Indeed!"

"And the next afternoon she had it dressed like Norma Talmadge's."

"Some class!"

"And this morning I saw her trying to fix up like Theda Bara."

"But why should you worry about a little thing like that?"

"I have just heard that Annette Kellerman is coming to town."—Youngstown Telegram.



From Canell's Saturday Journal

He: I see the women are going to wear medieval costumes in that big peace parade next week. What are you going to wear, my dear?
She (significantly): My medieval hat.

And He Nearly Lost It Entirely

It is announced that the ex-Kaiser is short of collars. And, of course, Foch crumpled up his front.—London Opinion.



From Navy Life Magazine

A nut sundae

He Was Versatile

A soldier was pleading with his B. C. "You are always on leave," exclaimed the officer. "What on earth do you want special leave for now?"

"My sister's baby's going to be vaccinated, sir."

"And what has that got to do with you?"

"She's my sister, sir," explained Tommy, with a hurt look.

"What, the baby?"

"No, sir, the baby's sister's my brother—I mean I'm the mother's baby—er—the father's my sister. No, I mean—"

"You mean," broke in the B. C. angrily.

"What do they want you for? That is the point."

"For a godmother, sir."—Chicago News.

Consult a Drill Sergeant

Buzzer (the dentist): "I'm sorry, but I'll have to extract that tooth."

Mrs. Tungtwist: "Really? I don't want to lose it unless you can fit me with a substitooth."—Tit-Bits.



Robinson in Eyre, London

JOBS FOR THE ALLIED INVENTORS

Unbullying the beef left over from the war

Limning the Limericks

There was a young woman named Esther,
Whose sweetheart decided to test her,
He introduced Grady,
Who married the lady,
He's wondering now what possessed her.

There was a young man from Cohoes
Who had a strange hump on his nose;
He said to his brother,
And also his mother:
"What caused this fool hump, do you s'pose?"

There was a young woman at Purdy's
Who'd walk miles to hear hurdy-gurdy's.
Said she, "I delight
In tunes when they're right,
But I don't give a darn for the wordies."
—New York World.

On a Platter

"They say his wife fairly worships him."
"I guess that's so. I went out there unexpected the other day and noticed she served up a burnt offering."—Boston Evening Transcript.



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

OUT ON THE DEEP WHEN THE SON IS LOW

The Ailing One: Get out of my sight, you—you—
you healthy-looking brute!

Fresh

"I know what the preacher meant when he spoke of the lay members this morning," remarked little Constance on her way home from church.

"What did he mean, dear?" queried her mother.

"He meant poultry," answered little Constance. "I heard him tell papa the other day that there was a lot of old gossiping hens in his congregation."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

The Missouri Compromise

"Ye know, Wash, I uster steal, but since I got religion I guv it up. Last night, tho in Smith's shoe store I seen a pair of cowhide boots just my size, No. 14, and the devil, he says to me, 'Take 'em, take 'em,' but the Lord say, 'No, let 'em alone; it's stealing.'

"The devil said, 'Take 'em quick now and skedaddle,' I knowed I could take 'em and stick 'em under my coat, and get away without nobody knowing. But hress the Lord, I stood the temptation, Wash. I compromised, and took a pair of shoes."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



From Posing Show, London

AVIATION NECK

The extraordinary case of a gentleman who lived near an aerodrome!



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

Brown: Hello, Shirk, what's the matter?

Shirk: Do you know Mrs. Blink?

Brown: Yes, fine-looking woman; husband's at the war.

Shirk: No, sir, he isn't!

The Doughboy and the Gob

Said the Gob, "Boy, howdy! What's the word?" The Doughboy said, "Old son, You got us safe across the pond, and I guess we got the Hun."

"Well, we helped to can the Kaiser. Such a nerve he had, that swab!"

"Bet he's shakin' in his breeches now!" said the Doughboy to the Gob.

"I got a scratch in Belleau Wood," the Doughboy said, "but here's The answer." And he flashed a kitbag full of souvenirs.

"And what WE got I wisht I had; I'd wear it for a fob—

A big tin fish off Ireland—bet we speared him," said the Gob.

Said the Doughboy, "I've sure had enough of lacin' up my pants. And you needn't ever talk to me about no 'sunny France.'"

The cootie is a busy bird. We certainly eat some beans.

And I guess we'll have to hand it to them devil-dog Marines."

Said the Gob, "You're right, Old Timer; they was THERE! And I opines It was quite some cool off Heligo, but we panted plenty mines.

We itched to scrap the Heinies' fleet, but they was awful coy.

When they come out, their flag was white." Said the Doughboy, "Attabo!"

"Who was them Janes," the Doughboy asked, "I seen you with last night?"

"Some class, eh, wot?" the Gob he said. "Oy, some class, I'll say, is right!"

Said the Gob, "Since you've came back, Old Top, I see you're quite some girded."

"Yea, Bo!" replied the Doughboy. "And I'm settin' on the world."

Said the Doughboy to the Gob, "A Tommy ain't no bloomin' fool."

"Why, I even had a limey for a pal in Liverpool,"

The Gob declared. "And Frenchies? Oh, la, la! you oughta seen

My Madelon at Dijon!" said the Doughboy. "Sure! Some queen!"

"But when it comes to settlin' down—I know a Red Cross nurse"—

"I get you," said the Doughboy, "and a feller might do worse.

Of course, there's Nell back home—her pitcher, see?" "Oh, boy, some squab!"

"I guess Nell's good enough for me," said the Doughboy to the Gob.

"Well, the old war's finished," said the Gob, "and I ain't shed a tear.

And what I'd chiefly like to know is where do we go from here?"

"The hours was long," the Doughboy said, "the chow was often sad.

It WAS a punk old war, but it was all the war we had."

Said the Gob, "Old Kid, I'll blow you to a first-class movie show—

Old Charlie in the trenches." And the Doughboy said, "Let's go!"

"Well, when Uncle Sam'd said the word, we went and done the job."

"You said a mouthful, Buddy!" said the Doughboy to the Gob.

—New York Tribune.



From Punch & London

"I hear your husband is home from France. Is the army going to release him?"
 "Well, 'e's got a fortnight before 'e goes back, but by that time 'e 'opes to be demoralised!"

The Rustlers

"Why don't you get out and hustle? Hard work never killed anybody," remarked the philosophical gentleman to whom Rastus applied for a little charity.

"You're mistaken dar, boss," replied Rastus; "I'se lost fo' wives dat way."—People's Home Journal.

Caught the Hare

An old sailor approached a farmer for a meal one day, saying he was willing to work.

"I will give you a meal," said the farmer, "if you will round up those sheep on the

common there and drive them into this fold."

In three hours' time the sailor came back looking hot, but happy.

Glancing over the gate in the field, the farmer saw the sheep safely in the fold. "There's a hare sitting up among 'em," he exclaimed.

"Do you mean that little fellow there?" asked the sailor. "Why, that's the little beggar who gave me all the trouble. I thought it was a lamb!"—Tit-Bits.

Any Soldier to His Son

What did you do, Daddy, in the great world-war?

Well, I learned to peel potatoes and to scrub the barrack floor,

I learned to use a shovel, and a barrow, and a pick,

I learned "to get a jerk on," and I learned "to make 'em click."

—The London Nation.

Both Getting Educated

"The old man is giving Bill a liberal education."

"Yes, and Bill is certainly giving the old man an education in liberality."—Boston Transcript.



From Le Petit Miro, Paris

The frog: That snail must be a boche



From Passing Show, London

"Well, dear, what was the name of the show you saw today?"

"Oh, I can't remember—but it was a ripping show; the dresses were by Raquin, the shoes by Payne, the parasols by Bangster, and the hats by the Maison Lisette!"

She's After You

Miss Spring will be edmin'
With a rose in her han',
An' another in the garden
For you, young man!

But she'll be a-sayin':
"Yon must toil for the lan',
Or you'll never be a lover
Of mine, young man!"
—Atlanta Constitution.

'Plane Nursery Rhyme

Peter, Peter, the aeroplane tester
Had a wife and couldn't best her,
Took her up in a worn old shell
There he kept her very well
(Until her safety belt broke)

Little Jack Lad sat in a Spad
To see how the derned thing worked
He reached out his thumb and pulled back
the gun

(\$10,000 gone home to the folks).

—'Plane News.

She'll Get Switched for This

"Is your hair like your mother's or your father's, Ethel?"

"Oh, it's like my father's."

"Are you sure?"

"Oh, yes." You see, mamma can take hers off.—Yonkers Statesman.

The Secret of Youth

Ma: No, she will not become engaged until she is twenty.

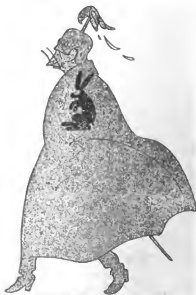
Pa: But, my dear woman, she may not get the chance when she is twenty.

Ma: Well, then, she will remain twenty until she does.—Sydney Bulletin.

Discretion

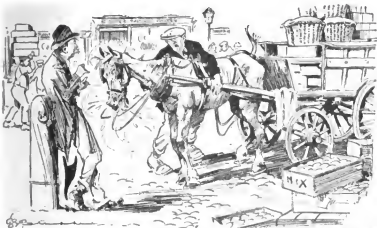
Burroughs: I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart.

Lenders (anxiously): You haven't paid him that fiver I lent you three months ago, have you?—Boston Transcript.



From the Naggan, Stockholm

X-ray photograph of the kaiser



From Passing Show, London

Coster: 'Ere! Steady with that snuff, mate, or my old 'oss 'll sneeze hisself over!

Her Broken Heart

She was an incorrigible flirt, and she was married. Therefore she deemed it quite safe to say pretty things to the handsome captain by her side.

"I suppose," she remarked, "you've broken many a woman's heart?"

"Only one," replied he. "And that was many, many years ago."

She scented romance.

"Do tell me about it," she persisted.

"Well, several years ago I had occasion to journey up north. My only companion in the railway compartment was a very pretty girl. We rode on for many hours together, and no one else entered the carriage—"

"Yes, yes," she interrupted, eagerly.

"I never said a word to her, or gave her the slightest opportunity to say anything to me."—London Answers.

Or to Read Yourself to Sleep On

"What did the critics think of Scribson's latest novel?"

"Not much! One said it might be a good book to read in a train if there were plenty of charming scenery to look at along the route."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Compensation

Nothing is ever lost,
Elsewhere it lingers still—
Von Tirpitz's whiskers gone
Sprout on ex-Kaiser Bill.

—Omaha Bee.

One Friday

"How do fish come?" faltered the young wife.

"In various sizes."

"Then give me a pair of sevens. That is the size of my glove."—Louisville Courier-Journal.



From Air Boats

"Sah, mah shoes done hurt me!"



From London Opinion, London

Small Child (after listening intently to officers discussing camouflage): My mummy haa pink ribbons in her camouflage.

De Elaboration Am Obscuahl

An old negro man went to the doctor for a prescription for some ailment that he had and was given a box of pills.

The next day he returned to the doctor's office.

"How do you feel now?" asked the doctor.

"Jest 'bout de same, sah," answered the negro.

"Did you get the pills?"

"Yessah."

"Did you take them?"

"Nosah."

"Why not?"

"Kase, doctor, de label on de box said 'take one pill three times a day.' Ah jest couldn't understan' how I'se gwine ter take one pill moh'n once, so Ah's come back fo' fu'ther instructions."—Rochester Democrat.

The Stiff Necked Thing!

A young man engaged board and lodging in an extremely devout private family. Before each meal a long grace was said. To their horror the newcomer sat bolt upright while the others reverently, bowed their

heads. When on the second day the young man evinced no disposition to unbend, the good lady of the house could endure the situation no longer. "Atheism?" she asked, sharply.

"No, madam," humbly responded the new boarder; "boil!"—Tit-Bits.

Our Own Questionnaire

How high is High street?

How sweet is the jell in jealousy?

How many buns in a bunion?

How much does a potato?

How long is once in awhile?

How much does high cost?

How much aint in saint?

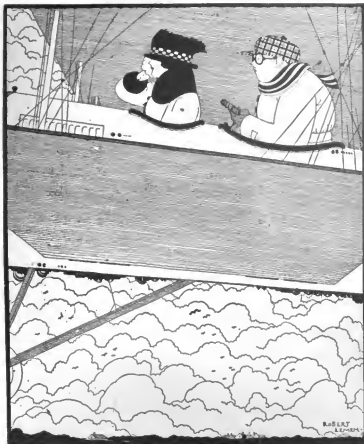
How do you get that way?

—Columbus Dispatch.

Got It by Tendin' to Other Folks' Business

The Germans claim to have "deliberately evacuated the Mihiel salient." To the rest of the world it is clear they were Yanked out of it.

The Kaiser must now be saying, like Achilles, "My vulnerable spot was in Mi-hiel."—London Opinion.



Lesson in St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE FATAL DRAWBACK

"This may be more fashionable than a limousine, George, but—boo—boo—we have to fly so high no one can tell who's being fashionable."

Or Nothing

Down: What's the matter, old chap? You look broken up.

Brown: Yes, I've got a cold or something in my head.

Down: Oh, it must be a cold!—Tit-Bits.

He's Base

Jim: I envy the man who sang the tenor solo.

Maud: Why, I thought he had a very poor voice.

Jim: So did I, but just think of his nerve.
—Brooklyn Citizen.

And Put on the Anti-skids

She: George, dear, here's a scientist who says the earth is wobbling on its axis. What do you suppose they can do about it?

George (absently): Open the muffler, reverse the lever, shut off the power, lubricate the bearings, and tighten the wheel-cap.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



From Punch, London

Dear Old Lady (to returning warrior): Welcome back to Blimey!

Had a Drag Somewhere

Casey: Finnegan got his loife insured
last June an' he's dead so quick.

Cassidy: Shure, he must hov had a pull
wid de insurance company.—The Bellman.

To Bed in a Bed That Is a Bed

After the war is over
After I get back home,
I have but one ambition
Under the heaven's dome;

After the war is over
(That is, if I'm not dead),
I shall be happy all over,
I'm going to bed in a bed!
—Everybody's.

A Lump of Limericks

A sweet little maiden from Troy
In vaudeville saw Eddie Foy.
Said she: "He can fake up
A wonderful make-up,
He looks like my friend, Homer Croy."

A Greenpoint old lady named Skinner
Had beans ev'ry day for her dinner;
Said she: "They're so sweet,
That my meal is complete;
I tell you them beans is a winner."

I know a young woman in Rye,
Who's terribly fond of prune pie,
She'll eat enough pieces
To feed all her nieces,
And then merely murmur and sigh.

—New York World.

The Retort Curteous

The lawyers were questioning the only
eye-witness to the crime—a witness who
surprised the court with his unusual mem-
ory for details.

"How far were you from the scene of
the shooting when it occurred?" asked
Judge Fitzpatrick, interrupting the witness.

"Thirty-six feet and five inches," replied
the man in the witness chair.

"But how can you tell so exactly?" asked
the judge.

"Simply because I measured it," came the
reply. "I thought some fool judge would
ask me about it."—Seattle Town Crier.

Aye, Aye, Sir!

Tramp: "Please, kind gentleman, could
you help a poor blind man?"

Gentleman: "But how am I to know you
are blind?"

Tramp: "Because I called you a gentle-
man."—Stray Stories.

Semper Infidelis

Love, the day has come for parting,
Here our ways divide,
Dry those tears I know are starting;
Soon the waves I'll ride.

Yes, we've been the closest buddies,
Closer than a shirt,
In a land where only mud is,
Mud and dirt.

Oft when aching ennui sank its
Fangs into my heart,
Then you shared my lonely blankets,
Swearing ne'er to part.

But another 'cross the water
Patient, waits for me,
Though you cheered me through the
slaughter
So, ma chère, did she.

True the words the poet saith, full,
Full of bitter gall and blight;
"Man is seldom ever faithful
When he's out of sight."

Should you sail across the ocean,
Pillowed on my breast,
You would wake an old emotion
And disturb my rest.



From Passing Show, London
Sutor: Sir, I ask for Miss Imogen's hand.
Her Father: Certainly, my boy, certainly—take
the one that's always in my pocket!

Should you reach my native city,
"Twould but cause another pain
I'd be sent (with language pretty)
Back to France again!

Yes, new hopes old thoughts are rousing,
Though 'tis hard to tell,
Comes the day of my de-lousing—
Cootie, fare thee well!

—Stars and Stripes.

Had Read About 'Em

A man and his wife visited the Louvre in Paris. "What struck you most at the Louvre?" asked one of their friends when they returned home.

"Oh," replied the husband, "a picture which represented Adam and Eve, with the apple and the serpent." And his excellent wife chimed in: "Yes, we found them interesting because we know the anecdote."
—Reedy's Mirror.

Grand and Very Grand, Opera

Mrs. Man: Stupid! Why in the world did you get seats for "Madame Butterfly" when I distinctly told you I wanted to hear "Pagliacci"?

Mr. Man: To preserve my dignity, woman! When I reached the ticket window I forgot how to pronounce that thing.
—Buffalo Express.



From the Bulletin, Sydney, Australia

THE WARNING

Fortune-Teller (to motorist): I warn you, a
dark man is about to cross your path!
Motorist: Better warn the dark man.

The Best of the Jests Our Own Vintage



Disgusted

He purchased some gloves made of chamois,
Did a certain young fellow named Samoisi.
He wore them a day,
And the seams ripped away—
That's why the young fellow said "Damoisi!"
Stuart W. Knight.

Green!

That Pullman porter
Is a shine—
He doesn't hrush your
Clothes on mine!
Laun Ceston.

Their Hissery

Layne: The crowds hissed the Kaiser.
Bayne: Yes, his name will be a byword
in hisstory.

H. C. Winter.

No Class!

That bellboy's pretty
Cheap, forsooth,
Who hasn't got a
Golden tooth!
Laun Ceston.

About Time, Wasn't It?

Two negroes were mauling one
another. Finally one knocked the
other down, jumped on him and
was pounding him fiercely. The
one underneath cried out:
"Ah'se abdicate!"
"You'se what?"
"Ah ses, Ah abdicates; Ah
give up, see? Why niggah, ain't
you got no education?"

J. B. Dillon.

Don't Believe It!

That barber makes his
Patrons sob
Who will not talk while
On the job!
Laun Ceston.



Drawn for "Cartoons" Magazine by Garrett Price

SHERMAN SAID SOMETHING

"Gerald Jones! You come to your dinner this minute."
"Shucks, men, there's the mess call."



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by M. H. Smith

"I hear the deacon had them so badly that he saw snakes."
 "Yes, but he claims they were water snakes."

Shell Game

When the gas boom was on in Muncie, Indiana, a contractor put up a flock of frame houses, all alike, for one of the big industrial corporations. Backwoodsmen and their families from the hills of Kentucky were being imported by the factories and were to live in these houses.

One night a windstorm blew down twenty of the dwellings, and in the morning the contractor summoned his foreman.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, "that you took the scaffolding down from those houses before the wall-paper was put on?"

"Yep," answered the subordinate.

"You're a hell of a foreman!" roared the contractor. "You're fired!"

John Constantine.

Much Cut Up!

One day recently a delapidated, apathetic man entered the office of the Syracuse Medical College and offered to sell his body cheap, adding that he was out of work and almost discouraged.

"You're almost discouraged, are you?" rejoined the superintendent, who always

tried to change the determination of these unfortunates. "Why, man, if you sold your body to us, the first chance our students got they'd take the heart out of you entirely!"

Charles C. Mullin.

He Even Wears Glasses

"Does he take care of his health?"

"Yes, he drinks to it every day."

Robert Hage.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman

"V'asay Mrs. Legborn was expelled from society?"
 "I should say so. They found out that she laid eggs for the trade!"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. D. Batchelor

A friendly action



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. D. Small

IF DREAMS CAME TRUE

Miss Oldbird dreams she is serving in the French army and is cited for bravery

Do You?

Oh, have you forgotten the street-sweeping train,

The beauty-spot patches, the hoops?
(The latter a paradox—though 'gainst the grain

They reminded us so of hen-coops!)
And don't you remember the chignon, and curls

We used to call vulgarly "spit"?
And the sheath gown, in which the cutest of girls

Had trouble to walk in, or sit?

The bustles, puffed sleeves, and the famed
"Grecian bend,"

And others of which we made play?
You do? Well, in contrast what can offend
In the modes of the ladies today?

Sidney Block.

Latter-day Nonsense

"Is a two-wived Mormon always fat?"

"Yes. At least he's always double-chinned."

W. B. Franklin.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps

He: Won't you turn your head around this way? She: But you might kiss me.
He: No, I promise I won't! She: Then what's the use?

Establishing Mr. Steffens' Authority

While the bolshevik revolution was at its height, Lincoln Steffens delivered a speech in Boston in which he explained the causes which led up to the upheaval. A reporter for one of the morning papers listened with keen attention, got a good grasp on the subject, and later at his office wrote a column story, accurate and comprehensive.

After he had gone home, however, one of the editors read the story and decided it was not sufficiently explicit. So he made some amendments. Next morning the reporter gnashed his teeth as he read the printed narrative. It contained this illuminating sentence:

"Mr. Steffens was fully qualified to discuss the bolshevik revolution, for he was intimately acquainted with Mr. Bolshevik when the latter was a twelve-dollar-a-week reporter on a New York Jewish newspaper."

John Constantine.

Eyleen

There are divers and various shades of green,
Tints of green, hues of green,
But how many more are the ways, I ween,
Of spelling Aileen, Ayleen, Alene,
Of spelling Ailine, Aleen, Aline,
Of spelling Aylene, Alyne!
Edgar Savage.

Ahem!

"She has what I should call a fancy work face."
"What do you mean by that?"
"Well, every time her temper gets ruffled her brows knit!"

Henry Byron.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. G. Hull

Old man Blubbs, owner of a department store, gets a bawling out from Sims, one of his former floorwalkers.



His return as it seems to her

Drawn for Caricature Magazine by R. B. Fuller



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorothy Phelps

Shell shock

Any Old Job

A convivialist plying the intriguing streets of Boston with a full cargo of liquor on board, observed a legend which ran, "Murderer Wanted," and taking time by the forelock, entered the station house and said to the sergeant:

"I'll take that job."

George Williams.

A Modern Romance

(I'll say it is)

The sun was setting in the west
(A quaint old custom it has got)—
Belasco batting at his best
Could not have picked a better spot.
He drew her close and closer yet
And closer still he drew and drew,
"I love you, Aniline!" he cried,
"Do you love me?"—and she replied
"I'll say I do!"

And hours passed and in the sky
The argent moon on pallid feet
Stole softly through the clouds on high.
(I think those first three lines are neat.)
And then he said, "I love you, dear,
My heart is beating fit to kill,
Oh tell me that you'll marry me!"
And soft and low she said to he,
"I'll say I will!"

And so to church! Oh, bellsome morn!
And Oh, the lovely glad array—
The victim pale and slightly worn,
The bride, of course (and why not?), gay.
The preacher pried his book apart
And read a fatal line or two.
"Do you," says he, "take this here guy?"
And sweet and clear was her reply:
"I'll say I do!"

J. P. McEvoy.

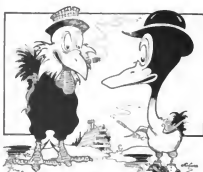
P. S. I'll say they do!

The Poor Birds Fed Him

"What do you know of Elijah?"
"He went for a cruise with a widow."
John Podsnap.

Gareon!

That waiter must be
Very strange
Who thanks us when we
Leave the change!
Laun Ceston.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by John O. Argenta

The Duck: Hello, Henry, I hear that you married a theatrical woman.
The Rooster: Yes, I married a girl who was, with the poultry show.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by O. W. Anderson

Force of habit

The Volunteer Tank

"What? Me enlist? (bic) Well, not much!
It's not mine (bic) to beat the Dntcb!"

So be stayed at home—and drank.

(And the town said, "Unfit,"

And thought no more of it.)

And be drank, and drank, and drank.

But one day, while drunk,

He screwed up some spunk;

From a lamp post untwisted,

And went and—enlisted!

(And the town said, "A drunken prank.")

There was some sense of fitness

In the officers: witness

The way that they filled up a blank

On his card, 'neath a question

That asked a suggestion

Of fitness for service or rank.

For they wrote, "He's recruited,

And we think him best suited

For what he's been mostly,

—A tank!"

Clyde Raymond

Going Up!

She's tall and stately and serene,
He's small and of a nervous mien;
And yet they love each other well,
Though there's one drawback, sad to tell:
He must when he desires a kiss

this!

like

just

Rise up on tiptoe—

Walter G. Doty.

A Well-Bred Reply

In reply to a complaint from a husky soldier, anxious to get into the scrap, but who had been assigned to the bakery department, the captain said: "You wanted to be a doughboy; your assignment shows that we were looking for some thoroughbread; it's an honor, the secretary of war is a Baker. Now cease being so crusty, get these fancy-bread notions out of your head, and your path will be strewn with flour."

F. H. Mason.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by B. K. Morgan

That feminine touch

Painless

We have settled about the Fourth of July,
 So why
 Should it not be decreed that April the first,
 That's curst
 With all kinds of imbecile practical jokes
 By folks,
 Who wish to be funny for once in a way,
 And say,
 And do the most idiotic things on earth
 For mirth,
 Such as asking you out to dine, and then
 laugh,

And chaff,
 When you find the whole thing is merely
 a sell,

And— well,
 It's useless to go through the whole gamut
 of jests

These pests
 Think it quite requisite to perpetuate
 This date—
 Why should not this day—will some one
 explain?—

Be sane?

Tom Robertson.

The Suburbanite

It was the busy hour of four,
 When from a horticultural store
 Emerged a gentleman, who bore—

1 hoe
 1 spade
 1 wheelbarrow.

From thence our hero promptly went
 Into a seed establishment,
 And for these things his money spent—

1 box of bulbs
 1 lot of shrubs
 1 package of assorted seeds.

He has a garden under way,
 And, if he's fairly lucky, say,
 He'll have about the end of May—

1 nasturtium
 1 radish
 1 pot of mignonette.

La Touche Hancock.

I Should Say So!

That subway guard is
 Very queer
 Who calls the streets in
 Accents clear!

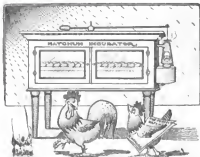
Laun Ceston.

Fitting

Hix: I hear they're reflooring the country
 club garage.

Dix: With parquet, I suppose.

H. C. Winter.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Walter Wellman

Mr. Rooster: These labor saving devices are
 a great improvement over when I was a young-
 ster. Why, my mother told me she actually had
 to sit on all her eggs to hatch 'em.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. F.

"In the spring a young man's fancy—"



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by R. B. Fuller

Absent-minded Mr. Peck: Now what was I going to do?

Even the Cooties!

First Cootie:—C'mon, fellas! They're goin' to send us to the cleaner. Le's beat it for the prison stockade!

Second Cootie:—And live on a Hun! Not for mine. Me for the steam bath!

A. P. Ingram.

The March Maiden

March romps with hats and dresses,
He tangles golden tresses,

He brings to ever dimpled cheek a
flush;

Those pretty eyes grow brighter,
That heart becomes yet lighter,

And beauty's wealth is centered in a
blush!

Those cheeks have ruddier roses
Than any summer posies,

Those lips are like the coral from the
south,

And, as she almost freezes,
She breasts the borean breezes,

Which rndely blow their kisses on her
mouth!

Though snowflakes down are floating,
And have a rimy coating

Upon her dainty frills and lingerie,
She laughs at their caresses

Till blustering March confesses

If he has any conqueror, 'tis shel

La Touche Hancock.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Robert Casey

"Golly man! Ef ah had one ob dem razzaah dah wuddn't bin no Germans to make peace wiv!"

Sayings of Celebrities.

Sappho: "Look before you leap!"
Jonah: "One swallow does not make a summer!"

Herbert C. Hoover: "Waste not, want not!"

William Tell: "Teach the young idea how to shoot!"

Lady Godiva: "Beauty unadorned is adorned the most!"

Moses: "To the manna born!"

Henry VIII: "Off with the old love, and on with the new!"

Niobe: "Weep, and you weep alone!"

Nero: "Keep the home-fires burning!"

Beau Brummell: "The apparel oft proclaims the man!"

Steve Brodie: "Never cross a bridge until you come to it!"

Noah: "After me, the deluge!"

Helen of Troy: "So this is Paris!"

Houdini: "Stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage!"

Prometheus: "Fire when you're ready!"

Paul Revere: "Never look a gift horse in the mouth!"

Solomon: "There is safety in numbers!"

Saint Swithin: "It never rains but it pours!"

Saint Vitus: "On with the dance, let joy be unconfined!"

George Washington: "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

George M. Cohan: "My country 'tis of thee, sweet land of liberty, of thee I sing!"

Harold Seton.

Wearing 'Em

Mrs. Benham: "You don't give me any clothes, so I am going back to father."

Benham: "You'd better let your mother wear his."
Henry Byron.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Franklin Hogue

"Yep, I us'ter have a pretty miss in every port."
 "I see, so many misses made you a skipper, eh?"

Forward, March!

O March, you month of fickle fancies!
 Upon your brow the sunlight glances,
 But all your sprites together plan
 To baffle e'en the weather man
 With whisking, whirling necromancies.

Still, if you must be gruff and surly,
 We'll pardon all this hurly-burly;
 We'll wade through all the slush and
 snow,

If you'll come down before you go,
 And simply do your blustering early!

Sophie E. Redford.

Nineteen Nineteen Love

Behold in me, sirrahs,
 A man who doth own
 He is caught in the grip
 Of a great passion!
 Who would give up his life
 If a need there should be
 To prove to the lady
 None love her like he.

But a life, sirs, it seems
 Could not e'er fill the bill
 Judging by advertisements
 Observe same—if you will.

No, life, sirs, it seems
 Means but naught to a queen—
 "If you love the girl
 Buy her a Washing Machine!"

I have sung neath her window
 And given her Keats;
 But—"To prove that you love her
 You must send Lloyd's Sweets!"

And if she doubts your love
 Thus her doubts you dissolve, sir
 "Mail her boxed and prepaid
 A Black Stallion Revolver."

I would prate of my passion
 Not counting the bours—
 But the monthlies advise that I
 "Say it with Flowers!"

Yes, to prove that devotion
 Is pure from the source,
 A man must, it seems, take
 A "L. M. X. Course."

"Don't let the girl feel
 That your love's on the wane!
 Subscribe, now—TODAY

For a set of Mart Swain!"

"Now what more convincing
 Of love, do you think
 Than would be a large bottle
 Of our De Luxe Ink?"

I must prove where I stand
 That my passion is true—
 "Send your girl what her soul craves—
 A carton of Glue."

Ah, the good days of old
 When to win a maid's glove
 Knights went to the ring
 And did battle for love!
 How I'd fight if I could!
 How my life's blood should flow!
 How the huzzas should greet me—
 A victor, I know!
 But—the year's 1919
 I love her! I wean
 I'll hike out and buy her
 A Washing Machinel

Mae Tinee.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by A. C. Hocking

THE PORT OF MISSING MEN

As it seems to the bashful young man just back from the war zone

Our Language

A French soldier, enthusiastic over the beauties of his best girl, was endeavoring to convey an idea of some of her charms to an English comrade.

"She is pretty," the Frenchman said.

"Yes, I see, fairly pretty, eh?" the Englishman replied.

"Ah! that is the word! She is fair."

"O, yes, pretty fair!" the Englishman responded.

F. H. Mason.

—in the Marnin'

Centuries have since departed,

Years and years have passed away,

Yet in manner simple-hearted

We still keep St. Patrick's Day.

Shamrocks deck the blessed morning,

Everywhere may they be seen,

Youth and lovely maid adorning,

Dewy with the old poteen!

Wherever God's sun lights the people,

Wherever men breathe His fresh air.

Or worship 'neath plane tree or steeple,

Some exile from Erin is there.

Here and on the distant prairie,
Northern plane or Southern isles,
Just as in old Tipperary,
All Hibernia's wreathed in smiles.

Smiles, that banish care and sorrow,
Smiles for blessings still to come,
Smiles to hail a bright tomorrow,
Smiles for just a dream of home!

If a moment we feel lonely,
Still beside the Cross of God
Lies that shamrock, which can only
Bloom upon old Erin's sod!
La Touche Hancock.

When Kings Decay

The speaker of the day: There is something rotten in the-state of Holland.

Voice from the gallery: Yes, it's the kaiser!

Lewis Crawford.

Mail

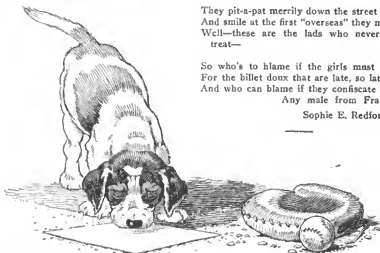
"Any mail from France?"

The girls all shout
As they hail the postman on his route
And then with a disappointed pout

They pit-a-pat merrily down the street
And smile at the first "overseas" they meet;
Well—these are the lads who never re-
treat—

So who's to blame if the girls must wait
For the billet doux that are late, so late
And who can blame if they confiscate
Any male from France?

Sophie E. Redford.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Lansing Campbell

Pup: I'm going to hunt a new boarding place if this is the home plate—they've licked it clean!

Brevity Is the Whole of Wit, You Know

I.

What the critics said about the play:

An extraordinary combination of stupidity and vulgarity.—The Star.

The best that can be said of it is that it is the worst of the season.—The Conrier.

It serves a purpose. It is the horrible example.—The Evening News.

Remarkable only for its inanity.—The Morning Post.

The audience was amazed at the insult of its intelligence.—The Gazette.

Broadway has never seen such a play. It is indescribably bad.—The Standard.

II.

How the criticisms were quoted in the advertisements:

An extraordinary combination. — The Star.

The best.—The Conrier.

It serves a purpose.—The Evening News.

Remarkable.—The Morning Post.

The audience was amazed.—The Gazette.

Broadway has never seen such a play.—The Standard.

Harold Seton.

My Steps Toward Dixie

Ah'se done been 'long wiv Uncle Sam,
A-helpin' him dat war to ca'm;
But now we'se t'rough de fightin' pa'ht,
It fills wiv joy dis niggah ha'ht
To leave dat furrin' Europe place,
Turn square aroun' an' sta'ht mah face,
Yes sah, towards Dixie, towards home
and Dixiel

Ah'se done heard dis ya'ht tu'n roun',
Bnt Ah likes to keep to de solid groun'—



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Perry Barlow

Anatomy

But when dat Sam done called foh me,
Ah packed mah kit, an' crossed 'de sea.
But Ah shore were 'lad when dat ole wa'h
ends,
Foh Ah'se gwine back wha'h Ah lef' mah
friends,
Yes sah, in Dixie, in home an' Dixie.
Rose E. Hull.

There May Not Be a Great Deal in a Name
but Please Observe That Just the Same

There seems to be some affinity between
Wilhelm and Wilhelmina.

Van Demen.

Depends Where It's Tide up

It's always a wonder
Strange and novel to me
What a ship setting sail
Is going to sea.
David Ferris Kirby.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by C. B. Bernhardt

Miss Hauty: You are old before your time!
Mr. Nauty: Yes, but think of the time I had
before I was old!

The Slip

The wife (reminiscing): Well, Henry, I very nearly didn't marry you.

Henry (absent-mindedly): I know—but who told you? Edwin Tarrisse.

Flaw in His Culture

Doctor E., his wife and small daughter lived in an Arizona frontier town, and little Margaret, whose four short years had been spent in adult society, was forbidden to play with the Mexican and Indian half-breed children who sometimes hung over the doctor's gate.

During the mother's absence one day, the easy-going doctor turned the child out

among several swarthy youngsters who had gained entrance to the yard. The mother, returning unexpectedly, was horrified to find her darling at play with her low-caste neighbors. Calling Margaret in, she upbraided the doctor for his negligence in permitting their child to associate with those "horrid little half-breeds."

After a lame defense, the erring parent took himself off whereupon the small daughter who had listened to every word, said, "Well, mother, daddy may be a good Christian, but he certainly doesn't know much about society, does he?"

May W. Lewis.

Maybe It's the Seasoning

Wine, 'tis said, improves with age;

And other things, I'll bet a dime.

But turkey dressing, I'm very sure,

Is sometimes spoiled by too much
thyme.

David Ferris Kirby.

The Foolishment

A certain young lady named May
Wore a thin pair of stockings one day.

She took to her bed

With a cold in her head;

Sheer carelessness took her away.

Stuart W. Knight.

Old Folks at Home

"How is that new salacious drama
going?"

"Like sixty."

H. C. Winter.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Dorman H. Smith

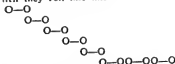
Jimson attempts to wear the red tie his wife gave him

Wifey and the Car

When dear friend wife propels the car
It takes a little stroll,
And makes a frightful bluff as if
To climb a trolley pole.
It makes the poor pedestrians
Go scooting to the wall
While in the forest glades the beasts
Go bunting the timber tall.
"Now don't you think it clever, Tom,"
Dear wife will say to me,
"To make folks step right lively when
They're toddling home to tea?
We pay big taxes for the roads,
And they are ours, you know.
From Mackinaw to New Orleans
En route for Mexico.
Now watch me pick a wheel right off
Tbat wagon piled with coal;
It makes me sore to see road hogs.
It does, upon my soul."
And then she twists our new machine
Like the

across street
this

And hardly gives the thing a thought
That everything may meet
In one grand smash, and spill the wheels
Until they roll like this:



While on my cheek she tries to plant
A fresh, unmetered kiss.

George F. Paul.

Come to Think of It—

Many a fireless cooker ends by being fired.
The name of Petticoat Lane is doomed to
become obsolete.
Of some smokers it can be said that the
more they fume the less they fret.
Many a cowpuncher has met his death
through too rapid work in western trig-
gonometry.
Some men would talk less in their sleep if
they had the chance to talk more while
awake.
A man doesn't always have to take a clean
shave to tell a bare-faced tale.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by Carl S. Junge
His satanic majesty during a certain period of
each year

What has become of the old-fashioned man
who used to take a pardonable pride in
seeing his red underwear flapping on the
family clothes line?
Give the devil his dues, but insist on ten
per cent off for cash.
How can any man make a success in life
when he forgets how many trumps have
been played?

George F. Paul.

In Early Spring

In early spring the country ways
Pulse with the bluebird's lyric praise,
The sparrow's trill, the robin's call,
Down floating from some treetop tall
Where the enraptured singer sways;
The cattle hardly think to graze,
Elate with freedom's glad amaze,
Released at last from prisoning stall,
In early spring;

And look—where bleak brick walls upraise,
E'en there the vernal radiance plays!
The alley waif forgets to brawl—
A magic wand has touched them all,
The wonder wand that rules the days
In early spring!

Minnie Leona Upton.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by H. D. Smith

This modest young lady from Troy
Has lost all her pleasure and joy
For she's got to undress,
We regret to confess,
In front of the handsome highboy!

Helping the Headsman Be Merry

Ben Hecht, imagist poet, has a multiple and complex character. When not rattling the pots and pans of imagism, he is an authority on ghosts under six feet three inches tall and weighing less than 250 pounds, takes alarm clocks apart, can estimate accurately how much ragweed there is in a passerby's cigar, understands why spiritualism doesn't work, has a recipe for Wisconsin apple butter which he distributes gratis, and his great ambition is to drive a team of oxen down Fifth avenue, New York.

Despite all these accomplishments, Hecht has to work for a living, and he fulfills this painful necessity by being a reporter on a Chicago newspaper. He acts as if he really liked work, too. Lately he was sent to Versailles to look in on the peace doings.

Nowadays he works with a free hand, for his paper has come to rely on his judgment in sizing up news events. But it was not always so. Once he was sent to

cover a hanging at Wheaton, Ill. In the hour before the execution, Hecht commenced wiring preliminary developments to his office.

The office interrupted the message to telegraph: "Omit all gruesome details."

"All right," Hecht flashed back. "Will make hanging cheerful as possible."

John Nicholas Beffel.

Oui Oui!

That poilu's heart must
Give a wrench
When Yankee doughboys
Practice French!

Lann Ceston.

A Fill of Fools

"There is no fool like an old fool"
Is a truth one often finds,
And it rather makes you shudder,
If you've been all other kinds!

Ada Loburn.

The Wearing of the Green

The birds of spring are on the wing.
The snow is melting fast.
The croupy wheeze, the "grippy" sneeze,
Can not much longer last.

Old mother earth, a-grii with mirth,
Will presently be seen
In sport suit loud, dressed up and proud
A-wearing of the green.

She sets the styles, and thus hegules
The other women all
To follow her. With joyous purr
They heed the siren call.

To him whose mate is up to date
The spring has come to mean
A buying bout, a "shelling out,"
A spending of "the green."

Terrell Love Holliday.

What Made the Mob Mad

When all Chicago turned bandsprings and yelled itself hoarse over the surrender of Germany in mid-November, a highly interested onlooker was "Gus" Beach of Gloversville, New York. Beach is an expert on the causes that lie behind revolutions, lynchings, assassinations, and other symptoms of public restlessness.

Back in Gloversville he works as a newspaper man of varied endeavor. He writes news, humor, society, theatres, advice to husbands, educational reform, prohibition, and served as war expert for his paper until the armistice was signed. In his writings he frequently finds occasion to analyze crowd-manifestations.

One day two broken-down vaudeville actors stepped on the stage in a fourth-rate moving picture theatre in Gloversville, and began to recite an ancient poem called, "Down in the Lehigh Valley," so hoary with age and dripping with sickish sentiment that it has been barred from self-respecting theatres for fifteen years.

A riot broke loose, and the audience mobbed the stage. The actors escaped through a rear window, and got out of town in an ambulance driven by a friendly undertaker's assistant.

Gus Beach witnessed the uprising. "I'd better do a psychological study of this mob-



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by G. F. Kaufman

Young Private McKay, just back from the trench, Once sat in the park with his friend on a bench, They were a little bit peeved and angry, these

two,
For mosquitoes were biting as mosquitoes will do.
Then up spoke the private, "I hope and I pray
That mosquitoes will sometime observe meatless
day."

stuff," he said to his chief at the newspaper office.

"Go ahead," said the editor, "but don't get above their heads."

Beach wrote a straightaway introduction to his story. Then he set down the beginning of the analysis: "The mob was impelled to its rash expression by the earliest of primal instincts. The recitation the actors attempted to foist upon the audience was what started the row between Cain and Abel."

Arthur J. Kelland.

He Knew

Teacher: Can any of you children tell me who Christopher Columbus was?

Billy: He's the guy that got up America.
May W. Lewis.

Biting

Visitor in old-fashioned seaport town:
How do you conduct your fishing operations these days?

Native Fisherman: On modern lines.
H. C. Winter.



Drawn for Cartoons Magazine by O. F. Kauffman

"C'mon to the movie tonight, grandpa; they've got an awful hair-raisin' pitcher!"

At the Zoo

Bobby, aged seven, was making his first visit to the zoo. He looked around at the various animals, and coming to a cage marked "Female," he rushed up to his mother in great excitement.

"Oh, mother," he said, "I've always wanted to see a 'Female,' and here he is!"

May W. Lewis.

Then, again—

If there is any doubt as to man's days being numbered, it is quite certain that woman's are "figured."

No married man ever notices the bird on his wife's hat until he is confronted with the bill.

Dora: How could you fall in love with Jack before meeting him? Did you see his photo?

Flora: No; I saw his auto.

"Is Swiftley a man of good standing?"

"Yes—be seems to stand off his creditors."

Women may not be eligible as cabinet officers, but judging by their record, they ought to prove efficient as compilers in bureaus of information.

A man may admire an athletic girl, but not the one that throws him over.

One can never be sure that marriage will prove a matrimonial bargain merely because the bride is "given away."

A woman's ideal type of a "game" man is the one who goes wild about her.

All the world is a stage because many a man comes home from the club in seven "reels."

Benjamin Arstein.

Cold Parting

He scarcely dared to touch or squeeze,
Or draw his band around her fichu;
He feared lest he might cough or sneeze,
Or she respond with an—A-tishul

They loved each other, but each thought
They would not outrage refined manners,
And thus they loved, and longed, and fought

With pocket handkerchiefs for banners!

But came the end at last to this,
He croaked, "Goodbye, sweetheart, I wish you!

We'll try and have a parting kiss!"

Two pent-up sounds broke forth—A-tishul
Graham Charteris.

Have a Party for Him

Howell: My boy was born on election day.

Powell: That is a real campaign issue.
H. I. Horton.

Hang It All!

Hiff: I've read that there are some who favor hanging the German conspirators.
Biff: Where did you read that?

Hiff: In the noosepaper.

H. C. Winter.

High Finance

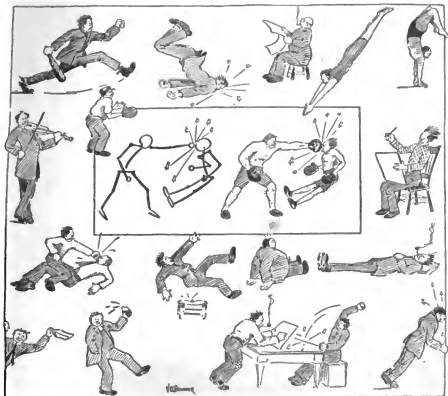
Though banks may be crooked, and likely to close

Tis not for this fact, nor for simply because,

That woman wads all of her wealth in her hose—

She thinks of the higher interest it draws.

Arthur B. Chrisman.



LEARN TO DRAW ORIGINALS

There are many people who have a natural talent for drawing, but let it go undeveloped because they cannot draw a good original. The ability to draw *original cartoons* comes from study and practice. If you could draw a good original it would not be necessary to take lessons. *Cartoonist Evans'* course of instruction in cartooning teaches the student how to draw *originals* and not mere copies. One reason his pupils advance so rapidly is because they are taught how to draw in a *simple, easy and natural way*. Mr. Evans has always used the *simplified skeleton system* to get action in a figure. The group of small originals printed above were drawn by a student for the fourth lesson. They were made *NINE YEARS AGO*. The human skeleton is the same today as it always has been. The rules for drawing it do not change. It is not hard to learn to put clothes and flesh on it, if you are shown how in the right way. If you can make a good copy there is no reason why you should not learn to draw a good original. You can learn if you will study in a school which has been proven *reliable and practical*.



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Study Cartooning from the Broad Experience of America's 32 Greatest Stars

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FRANK WING
St. Paul Dispatch

Author and Illustrator, "The Foggart Album—Turn Over"

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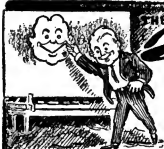
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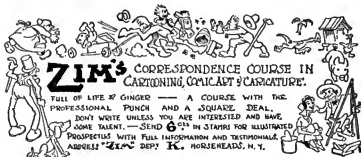
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Tobacco Redeemer is in no sense a substitute for tobacco, but is a radical, efficient treatment. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It quiets the nerves, and will make you feel better in every way. If you really want to quit the tobacco habit—get rid of it so completely that when you see others using it, it will not awaken the slightest desire in you—you should at once begin a course of Tobacco Redeemer treatment for the habit.

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A single trial will convince the most skeptical. Our legal, binding, money-back guarantee goes with each full treatment. If Tobacco Redeemer fails to banish the tobacco habit when taken according to the plain and easy directions, your money will be cheerfully refunded upon demand.

Let Us Send You Convincing Proof

If you're a slave of the tobacco habit and want to find a sure, quick way of quitting "for keeps" you owe it to yourself and to your family to mail the coupon below or send your name and address on a postal and receive our free booklet on the deadly effect of tobacco on the human system, and positive proof that Tobacco Redeemer will quickly free you from the habit.

Newell Pharmaceutical Company
Dept. 379 St. Louis, Mo.



Free Book Coupon

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Dept. 379

St. Louis, Mo.

Please send, without obligating me in any way, your free booklet regarding the tobacco habit and proof that Tobacco Redeemer will positively free me from the tobacco habit.

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Town..... State.....



There's Cheer in the Pictures from Home

To a homesick boy, enduring the monotony of life in the army of occupation, a picture of Dad pushing the lawnmower in the old front yard is worth more than the Croix de Guerre.

Pictures of Mother—how much they mean to him now! And of kid sister—perhaps she is "wearing her hair up" by this time—all the old, familiar scenes around the village—yes, and that little girl with the big blue eyes, that lives around the corner—these will mean a world of comfort to the boy who is lonesome among a million strangers.

The Y. M. C. A., the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus and kindred organizations are doing a world of good in ministering to bodies and minds of our boys. But in their hearts, homes are far. Cheerful letters and cheerful pictures from home—these will keep them happy in mind and light of heart.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, Rochester, N. Y., *The Kodak*